

THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

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A HELPING HAND.

(See Article on page 4.)

What Then?

TO THE SINNER.

After the joys of earth,
After the songs of mirth,
After the hours of light,
After its dreams so bright—
What then?

Only an empty name,
Only a weary frame,
Only a conscience smart,
Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,
After this weary frame,
After this conscience smart,
After this aching heart—
What then?

Only a sad farewell
To a world loved too well,
Only a silent bed
With the forgotten dead.

After this sad farewell
To a world loved too well,
After this silent bed
With the forgotten dead—
What then?

Oh! then—the Judgment Thine?
Oh! then—the last hope—gone!
Then, all the woes that dwell
In an eternal HELL!

The Debt Devil.

“Owe no man anything.”—Romans xii. 1.

Debt leads to extravagance, luxury, defalcating, embezzling, dishonesty, bankruptcy, and through that to untold suffering.

AAA

The command of God, the example of Jesus Christ, the philosophy, political economy and common sense are all agreed against the contraction of debt.

AAA

John Randolph once sprang from his seat in the House of Representatives and exclaimed in piercing tones: “Mr. Speaker, I have found it,” and in the stillness which followed, added, “I have found the philosopher’s stone, it is ‘PAY AS YOU GO!’”

AAA

Honore Greely wrote, “Hunger, cold, race, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable; debt is infinitely worse than all. If it had pleased God to spare my sons to be the support of my declining years, the lesson I should earnestly have sought to impress upon them is: Never run into debt, avoid pecuniary obligations as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it and live on it rather than owe any man a dollar.” Greely’s life was a commentary on his words.

AAA

Benjamin Franklin said: “Think what you do when you go into debt: you give another power over your efforts. If you cannot pay at the time you will be ashamed to see your creditor, you will fear when you speak to him, you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity; and sink into base, downright lying, for the second vice is lying, the first is running into debt. Poor Richard says: ‘Lying rides on Debt’s back.’”

AAA

The “mortgage” is derived from two words, meaning death and property.

“Sins and debt are the devil’s mortgage on the soul, and he is always ready to foreclose. Be indebted for nothing but love, and even that be sure you pay in kind, and that your payments are frequent.”

AAA

“The wages of him that is hired shall not abide all night with thee until the morning,” thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; Lev. 19; Matt. xix. 19. To oppress the poor by indebtedness to them is a sin which offends to God for vengeance. Jas. 5: 4.

Jesus set the example “to owe no man anything” when he wrought a miracle to pay His taxes; Matt. 17: 27.

The borrower is servant to the lender. Prov. 22: 7.

“Be not of them . . . that are sureties for debts.” Prov. 22: 26.

“Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich.” Prov. 28: 6.



The House of Obed-Edom.

The house of Obed-Edom, where safe the ark abode,
What time were wars and fightings on every mountain road,
What time was pitched the battle in every valley fair,
The house of Obed-Edom had peace beyond compare.

With famine on the border and fury in the camp,
With the starving children huddled in the dark tent’s shivering damp,
With the mothers crying sadly and every moum a prayer—
In the house of Obed-Edom was neither want nor care.

The fields of Obed-Edom no foeman trod them down,
The towers of Obed-Edom were like a fortress town,
And only grace and gladness came speeding on the road,
To the house of Obed-Edom, wherein the ark abode.

And far and near they told it, the men who passed that way,
How fell Jehovah’s blessing on that house by night and day:
How the smallest to the greatest had joy, and hope, and love,
While the roof of Obed-Edom was watched by God above.

The line of Obed-Edom is on the earth to-day;
In the house of Obed-Edom still he may safely stay
Who, dearer than all treasure for which men toil and plod,
Shall prize the covenant blessing, the hallowed ark of God.

And never strife nor clamor shall break the tranquil spell
In which our Lord’s beloved forever safely dwell,
In the house of Obed-Edom, in sunlight or in dark,
Abides the ceaseless blessing that rests within the ark.

Margaret E. Saupger.

SADIE.

By S. E. O.

It was a very cold Saturday evening, but, as was her custom, Sadie put on her wraps to go out. Cold weather was no reason for staying in to a girl of her temperament. She had an abundant love of life and a very energetic disposition; there was no particular need of her going except her promise to a friend whom she called for. On they started to make a few purchases, to see whom else was out, and then to sally home again. But, phew, it was terribly cold, nobody much was out. The snow creaked beneath their feet, and the cold seemed to fairly freeze their breath; it was too cold to loiter, and having purchased one or two items, the friends hesitated as to where to turn their steps.

“Let us go to the Army for a while,” said her friend to Sadie.

Sadie hesitated for a moment.

“Oh, phaw, I don’t want to go there,” she finally replied.

“Well, they (referring to the house folks) are not ready to drive it, it’s folks to cold to walk, we don’t want to sit in the store; it is warm in the barracks, so why not go? We can leave when we want to!”

Sadie yielded at length, although she could not help feeling that she was being litted herself, to use a phrase of her elder sister. She should seek better associates than herself, from a social standpoint. “The Army people were a grade lower than herself,” so she thought.

But the hall was bright and warm, and the meeting was pretty much the same as it used to be when she was a child. “My, a Junior, and well served too. Everybody went to the Army then, it was popular in those days; but the nice folk turned their back on it, or very many of them. Why?” All these thoughts, and many others went through her mind as she sat there. “I don’t like that Captain,” she remarked to her friend, once they were outside; “he thinks I’m a sinner, and shoots contempt at me out of his eyes. He thinks he can read me. He is con- celled.”

But he was going to farewell, he had announced, and Capt. D— was going to take charge. Al, he had opened the work at the same corps, he was the first officer. Sadie must go to hear the hero of the Army’s early days. Everybody loved him then.

So on Sunday evening on her way home she passed the barracks, then turned and went up its steps and found the prayer meeting in full swing. Seating herself where she could have a good view of the whole proceedings, she presently saw, to her consternation, that while she was observing she was being observed, for two sisters were taking of her. She was sure of it when one of them came over to where she was and dealt with her soul. She was vexed. She really was, and succeeded in discouraging the sister, for she soon left her.

“Why am I so wicked, anyway?” she asked herself. “She wanted to do me good. Why did I get mad?” She was ashamed of herself.

Then the captain came. She was on her knees now. She had become a shamed of sitting up while prayer was being made.

“Are you happy, my sister?” he asked. “No,” she replied.

“Why not be? Jesus wills to make you happy,” he pleaded.

“Don’t talk to me, Captain, it’s no good. I know all you tell me. I’ve heard it all my life. I’m used to it—hardened to it, Gospel hardened.”

“God bless you,” was his only reply. But, Sadie, you reckoned on the hardness of your own heart, and forgot the power of the Spirit of God to melt hard hearts, for the truth was penetrating her heart, though she knew it not.

But one day she went to her room and tried to find Jesus. She prayed for a long time, and when she came forth again it was with some feeling of relief. The following Saturday night she announced to her friend that she was going to kneel-drill the next morning; she was to keep a long story short, to kneel-drill she went, and gave her heart to God, and became a Salvation Soldier, and later an officer, which position she has held now for over six years. At present she is very much occupied in building up the Kingdom of Jesus Christ in Guelph, Ont.

Clippings.

Must Have Help.

Vancouver, Feb. 9.—W. Anderson, of Toronto, who has just arrived from Dawson City, says there is a small army of men in the vicinity of Dawson who will surely suffer before the winter is over if help is not given them. They went out with small outfits. The Salvation Army is helping them, and a fund has been raised by charitably inclined people, but many of the poor fellows are now sleeping on the billiard tables of the saloons. Mr. Anderson is in the laundry business in Dawson. He says the trials is rushing in his line—Toronto World.

Klondike Xmas.

The Klondike “Nugget” gives an excellent and lengthy report of the opening of the S. A. Shelter and free Christmas dinner given there, which account is concluded with the following sentence: “It is a noble work this organization is doing, and their non-sectarian, humane work deserves the hearty support of every one who can in any way assist the Army in its efforts. None who are joyed the open, free-handed liberality of these good people will never forget their Christmas dinner in 1898 on the Klondike extended by the Salvation Army.”

Sweet Charity.

All will remember the Elks’ social session held last week. One of the first acts of the Elks’ club of Dawson from the receipts of that session was to do some good to the Salvation Army of Dawson as an evidence of appreciation of the good work being done by this non-sectarian institution which is doing such noble work in this city.—Klondike Nugget.

West Toronto Junction.

“The transfer of the Salvation Army from their barracks on a back street to a business centre on Dundas Street is causing trouble, people in the neighborhood of Dundas St. and Pacific Av. having complained to the police of the noise made by the soldiers.”

If the “business people’s” cars are so discriminating, they are differently constructed from the general business population of Canada.

La Grippe.

We have assurances of relief from grippe of many in different parts of our country by wearing sulphur in the shoes. Put in one-half a teaspoonful of one a week.—Our Dumb Animals.

Fake Testimonials.

S. A. officers have so frequently figured in recent so-styled testimonials to the wonderful efficiency of various patent medicines that we think it time to call attention to the following invention clipped from a Barrie paper:

“Ensign Earnest Robert, Salvation Army, Barrie, says: ‘Have used M. Compound from this time, and am physically sound, and am pleased to testify to the good they have done me.’”

There is no Ensign Earnest Robert in the Salvation Army.

Sensible City Governors.

The City Authorities of Frankfort, Ky., have turned over the entire relief of the city and county to the S. A., and have arranged a big meeting in a special hall in order to raise funds to help us to do this.—K. Review.

Hallelujah Wedding.

The S. A. citadel was packed last night by enthusiastic officers and soldiers who joyfully attended the Hallelujah Wedding that was to unite two of their most popular comrades-in-arms, Ensigns Cave and Allen, in the holy bonds of matrimony. Adjt. Dowell had charge of the preliminary service, when some of the good old Army hymns were sung with great heartiness. The wedding party was greeted with acclamation, and after a special initiative service the words were spoken by Colonel Jacobs, assisted by Brigadier Sharp, which made the happy couple man and wife. The blushing bride was assisted by Ensign Tovel, while Capt. Newman assisted the groom. After hearty congratulations Ensigns Cave and Newman testified to the groom’s earnestness in the work of the Master, and Brigadier Sharp paid high encomiums to the happy bride. With special service the meeting then adjourned, and the happy pair, with their friends then drove to their future residence where all were entertained. Needless to say the Herald extends its best felicitations to the newly-wedded officers.—Evening Herald, St. John, Nfld.

Fishers of Men

BY CONSUL EMMA BOOTH-TUCKER.

YES, I should like to have been there when He kissed the little children! In that clustering throng of little ones, who gathered at His feet and nestled in His bosom, was represented the childhood of the world. The village babes of those Palestine mothers typified for all time the powers and capacities, the needs and poverty, the woes and wants of the lambs of the flock. Christ linked Himself inseparably with childhood, for did He not become a child Himself? And with faith born of a holy childhood, in even an infant's capacity to glorify the Father and to serve the Kingdom, He gathered those Bethlehem babes into His arms, cradling them to re-echo those immortal words: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!" Yes, I should like to have been there!

I should like to have been there when He fed the hungry! His food depots were on the mountain-top, by the sea-shore, in the wilderness waste. No suffering escaped His notice, no human wants were ignored. Even as He was tempted in all points, so He SUFFERED in all points, and the pangs of hunger were not unknown to Him. In the crowded chaos of human wreckage He stands out, not as untouched, but as "a Man of sorrows, acquainted with grief," the "Friend of sinners," the "Bread of Life," A PATTERN FOR THE AGES!

And when I see the crowds of to-day, even as I saw them at our hall and Shelters this Christmas-time, with their poor, hollow faces, empty homes, and desolate lives, I think of Him standing in their midst, the same yesterday, to-day and forever!

I should like to have been there when

He WEPT AT THE GRAVE, and for all time linked hands with the sorrowing, the bereaved and the forsaken. Those tears have been a "balm of Gilead" to countless aching, breaking hearts! And when our feet have been called to stand where His feet stood—within the silent cemetery—we have remembered Him, and our loved Lazaruses have been brought nearer to us by His tender presence, which has spanned the chasm of the tomb and linked death to life and earth to heaven.

I should like to have been there when He cleansed the leper, gave sight to the blind, healed the sick and raised the dead; when He laid His hands on those tortured with demons, and restored the crippled and diseased to their loved ones' embrace. To see the lame man leap as a hart, and to hear the dumb proclaim His praises, would have thrilled my soul with wonder and joy unspeakable! I should like to have been there!

I should like to have been there when HE PARDONED SINNERS, when He made a place at His feet for the sin-stained Magdalene, and showered His mercy upon the legion-possessed, when He looked in love upon the world-fettered young ruler, and turned in His death-anguish to the thief upon the cross. Who among us who have been stirred with a Calvary seedling of sympathy for the sinner could fail to have wished to have been there!

And, oh, had I been there when He entered Gethsemane—when He paused in human realization of the pent-up anguish of the bitter "cup!" And although I hold my breath at the thought of entering within the dark, thick veil of mystery and suffering, my whole soul bows in longing to have been there when He thrusted on Calvary, when He cried on the cross.

Heimit the anguish of that lighted stare! Close those wan lips! Let that thorn-wounded brow Stream not with blood!

Yes! Soul-rending as would have been the scene, to kneel in silent worship at that cross, I should like to have been there!

But with peculiar appreciation would I like to have mingled with those fishermen on the water-girt shores of Galilee when He, Heaven's Missionary, the Lover of men, the Saviour of sinners, commissioned those first ministers, those early Salvationists, those primitive preachers, to be "fishers of men."

It would seem to me that the gentle hush which stole over that listening group was born of a realization of an eternal responsibility and of the possibility of an eternal victory. The issues of a perishing world were at stake! Redemption's plan was ripened, but it had to reach its climax in blood. It was a moment of calm, but already the storm-clouds were looming on the horizon.

I look around upon the little group, destined to take so important a place in the drama of the world's salvation. I find them much as other men. Traces of human weakness and infirmity, of daily toil and misfortune, of earthly hopes and fears, are upon their faces and forms. Untutored, inexperienced, undisciplined; how unlikely a material for so gigantic an undertaking!

But listen to His words! The passion of a life-time's love, the zeal of a life-time's purpose, the supreme and dauntless faith of an eternity's ambition, are focused, it seems to me in that inspiring proclamation: "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men!"

He Who knew the end from the beginning of human experience; He Who knew the length and breadth of human weakness, and He Who knew the powers and possibilities of love and zeal and force that are divine, uttered the eternal call that mortal man should follow the Saviour in reaping immortal gains, that greater things than even those which they had witnessed, they should do, that the cup of His sufferings they should share, and that the goal of His life and death should be reached through the medium of THEIR toil and as the result of THEIR triumphs.

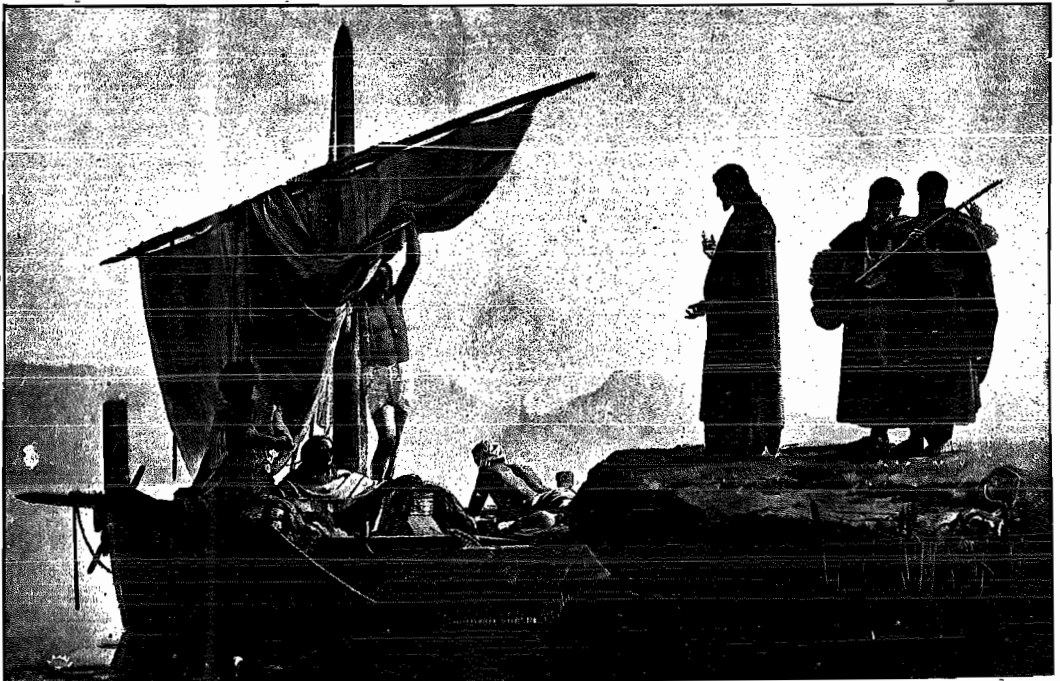
Nor was the Galilee appeal in vain. The baptism of fire fell, and these flam-



CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER.

ing apostles "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises," won their thousands of souls and laid the imperishable foundations of a world's salvation.

But even while I think upon them and my soul is stirred by their illustrious example, I am reminded of the fishers of to-day, whose devotion and toil and sacrifice have, countless times, been a means of blessing to my own heart. Yes! If the Salvation Army has demonstrated nothing else, it has proven once more that even as Christ is no respecter of sinners, so is He no respecter of ministers. That is, He is as willing to use the poor and the illiterate and the frail, as He was centuries ago, providing they are prepared to conform to the supreme condition of following Him, and He will go before them and stand beside them in all their travails and toils for the salvation of souls, and they shall be even as He promised, FISHERS OF MEN! Thus thousands in this our day have flocked to join that Galilean band, from the ordinary haunts and occupations of men, from the plough, from the store, and even from the slum, while some have stepped from the marble halls of culture, and the homes of luxury.



CHRIST CALLING THE APOSTLES, JAMES AND JOHN.

"And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed Him."—Matt. iv. 22.

Deep Waters.

They fish in deep waters: Their hands lay hold upon the treasures of darkness. From the fathomless depths of slumdom, of vice, of crime, of iniquity, of poverty, they gather the pearls of precious words, and find the gems that lie hidden among the wreckage of humanity.

It is the GOING DOWN that has in so peculiar a sense signified the building up of the Salvation Army. "He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," and it is the following out of this cardinal injunction to which we perhaps owe more of the example and inspiration this movement has become to the world than to anything else.

They Fish Under Difficulties.

Cast a backward glance upon the boat on the Galilean shore; its rough, ungainly appearance, its tattered sails, its water-worn hull, seemingly so unfit to battle with the waves.

How typical of the difficulties under which many of our officers sail! Not only in the mud but of the Indian jungle, in the low kraal of the Zulu, where the heathen converts are "you, but in the great slum centres and far-flung corners of our American battle-field.

The poor little ball, up a long flight of steps, or down into the basement where the crowd least cares to follow; the dim and imperfect light which the still and perfect condition of the service fails to improve, the backless seats, the intense poverty of the slender audience, the arduous toil, the perpetual sacrifice, the heavy cross, all intensified in its daily weight upon the sensitive spirit by the too often weak physical frame which would sink beneath the task, save for that Presence in the boat which can still advance this frail vessel through the waves of keen temptation, and strengthen the hand that holds the net.

In all Waters.

For have not some of the most wonderful captures been made by these dauntless fishers of men have braved the fury of the tempest, have travelled their way through the bitter, piercing cold of Winter, and the scorching heat of Summer, or have faced unflinchingly the cowardly showers of missiles, hurled with the more reckless violence because it was known they would not retaliate?

Persistent Fishing.

And what patient, long-suffering labor is often required, not only in the casting of the net, but before the safe hauling of the shoal to Heaven's shore!

Ever conversant with the Lord's word. Not always! The strong waves of an almost restless temptation beat around the barks of many, and the tender heart and unflinching heart of the fisher-deplore is required to keep the broken breach, to catch the gone-away, and to bring the prodigal home! Thousands in this way, all over the world, are being enriched and upheld, whose lives are spent in the great quest of the uttermost sinner becomes, in time, a saviour of those with whom sin and misfortune have surrounded him.

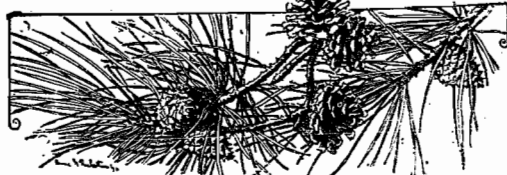
What has not this love of men, this passion for souls, the followers of Christ's Hero to do, to be, to suffer? What sacrifices have been embraced, what burdens have been borne, what deeds of daring have shown the world the out of the way of the living. And looking down the long vista of the glorious past, since first those fishers of men were started on their sublime mission, what a harvest of souls we find has sealed the labors of those dauntless deeds of love!

March on, willing warriors, followers of the Bleeding Lamb, saints of the lost High! Your footprints are lamps to our feet, your example our guiding star, your triumphs our inspiration!

"The millions yet unenriched by Jesus' love and Jesus' power can hardly be their need! We catch the daily echo of their need. It comes to us from the slums, the seas of sin and wretchedness and sorrow."

We will not hesitate! We dare not hold back! Our best, our all, shall be laid forever at the feet of Jesus, and we will ask from Him in return but ONE FAVOR, the priceless privilege of being enrolled among His blood-washed missionary band as FISHERS OF MEN!

"It is not easy to see how a man who is cross to his wife and children at the supper table at 6 o'clock, can be pleasing to God in the morning meeting at 8 o'clock."—The Watchman.



CIRCUMSTANCES

By COMMISSIONER BOOTH-CLIBBORN.



OW many there are who are in continual quarrel with circumstances, just as if happiness depended upon one's outward circumstances and was not rather the result of a certain state of heart. The unsatisfied human heart continually blames its circumstances and charges them with its fretfulness and selfishness. It says, "If I were only in other circumstances, I would be better and better; only I were spared this trial; if only I had another position; if only I were in such-and-such more favorable surroundings." These souls are blind. It is not their circumstances which need changing, but their hearts. It is not that which is without which needs altering, but that which is within, and when that which is within is changed—when the heart is made right—then how different will all outward things appear!

The aspect of the world around us all depends upon what sort of windows our soul looks out of, whether grimy or clean.

All Crosses are Blessings in Disguise.

Doubtless some of the disguise—faith sees behind and beyond.

No circumstances, however disadvantageous, need ever justify sin or be an excuse for allowing the heart to remain unchanged. Nay, more, may it not be that those very circumstances, apparently so unfavorable, were permitted of the heart might be made manifest? And why? In order that the heart might be changed. Thus it is that the most painful, most perplexing, and most trying circumstances, crosses and losses, bereavements and disappointments, long, wearying, galling trials, may work together for the eternal good of the soul, and no matter what the suffering agent may be in these cases, all can become and are meant to become helps to spiritual advancement. This lesson learned, the world becomes a new field. The things which are meant to be our greatest precious. Those who seemed our enemies are now looked upon as friends. We see in each event something which can show what is in our heart, or discipline, or perfect it. Every cross and trial can thus be the means of unmasking the inward depths of pride, selfishness, impatience, anger, covetousness, or other sin, and lend the soul to cry out for deliverance. To the saved, every cross is a heavenly discipline, a step by which the soul is

Raised Higher in the Divine Life.

Is not the perfecting of our soul's union with Him the grand object God has in view? Can any cost be counted too great to procure this highest blessing in the universe? Oh! how faithful of Him, that instead of letting our pride or selfishness ruin us, He lets it only agnate the iron bars of our spiritual prison, that we may be forced to realize that we are prisoners indeed. These bitter trials that we see, what we truly are, and where is our treasure and our heart in order that we may be saved.

Better to suffer here than hereafter. Better to lose much than to be lost forever. Better to have every faith picture marred, every hope dashed to pieces, every heart-striving wrong, than to remain separated from our God, or out of fullest harmony with Him. Better to enter into life, but as minded, than to be cast into hell.

Thus the soul which seeks God alone can find God in every event, in every circumstance, and every soul is free, fit, time or place, advantageous disadvantageous, favorable or unfavorable, no longer exist. Because this soul lives,

All Things are Life to It.

It is so in nature around us. The out-

ward circumstances which are disadvantageous to the dead plant are advantageous to the living. If the plant is a living plant, the rain and sunshine cause it to grow, the winds make it take fast hold with its roots. If the plant be dead, all the elements combine to hasten for its decay. Thus the crosses and trials, which are elements of sorrow, bitterness, and sin to the soul which is dead in self, are elements of life and blessing to the soul in which self is dead and Christ lives. Our very weaknesses may become our blessings. Old faults and failings furnish blessing by the very discipline which their conquering in the strength of God entails.

Life is marvellous, and yet true, that there are no conceivable combinations of disadvantageous faults and failings which may not become to their possessor the source of the greatest blessings, as experienced the power of God triumphing over them. And who can enjoy such triumphs like those who have experienced them? Who so well fitted to help others similarly situated? And as it is with the inward so it is with the outward. This was the secret of Paul's "taking pleasure in necessities and distresses, and glorifying in his infirmities, that the power of Christ might rest upon him." Who, then, need despair in this world of light and hope? Despair can find no place, for

Salvation Reaches to the Uttermost Limits.

The sanctified soul sees in every difficulty just one more opportunity for glorifying God. Every "Red Sea" is a grand occasion for faith to triumph. There would be no triumph of faith if there were no trial of faith, and as it is by trials and triumphs or faith that the soul's faith grows and strengthens, so trials are necessary. Therefore, in face of every trial the soul should brave itself up and say, "Here goes for another victory!"

Man was not meant to be overcome by his circumstances, but to overcome them. What have we, then, to do in order that the better things may become sweet? That in all things we may be more than conquerors, and that all things may become new? We have but to yield ourselves to the inward cross. That is where God meets man, and gives him life through death.

"God gives us the cross, and the cross gives us God." There is the completed virtue of "Cross Trials." Even when we carry the cross, we may stumble under its weight, but let us go on, and become nailed to the cross, and then the cross will carry us.

To-Day Hear His Voice.

The word of God is very high up, even in our most and our hearts. To ears that have been closed His voice may seem indeed to sound no longer. The loud noises of war may shake the world; the eager calls of Avarice and Pleasure may drown the gentle utterance which bids us "Follow Me" after two thousand years of Christianity, the incredulous murmurs of an impatient scepticism may make it scarcely possible for Faith to repeat, without insult, the creed which has been the regeneration of the world. Aye, and sadder even than this, every now and then may be heard the insolence of some blaspheming tongue which still scoffs at the Son of God as He lies in the agony of the garden, or breathes His last sigh upon the bitter tree. But the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant. To all who will listen He will speak.—Farrar.

Every man who bears the name of Christ should reveal Christ.

A Helping Hand.

(See frontispiece.)



FTEN have I heard the words of the Psalmist quoted by enthusiastic converts, and old veterans of the S. A. and the churches: "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

Thank God we can say so out of the depth of our heart, swelling over with gratitude to the Almighty Deliverer, Whose arm was long enough to reach down to us when we were sinking almost beyond reach in the fifth of sin's pit. Praise God for having guided, by His help, firm ground. But how many remember the pit only as the terrible past from which they have been sinking almost beyond reach of their own safety and gain.

Only one out of the ten lepers healed by Christ returned to thank Jesus for the miraculous cleansing, while the other nine apparently forgot the obligation to thank their Benefactor. So, only one out of ten, possibly even a much less percentage, of those who have been "brought out of a horrible pit, remember that the Lord has not forgotten them, and outstretched as the material manifestation of the Divine Arm of deliverance. This one remembers it, and himself turning towards the pit from which he was rescued, casts up all his circumstances, and unthought of the cruellest month of that pit, he humbles himself and, embracing with one hand the cross, reaches the other one down to some sinking sinner in order to like-wise help him into the rock.

Christ wants His disciples to be saviours of OTHERS, not saviours of themselves. To effectually save others, we must first be fully consecrated to the service of Christ. There is no use in hugging with one arm some cherished hope, some fond ambition, some pet notion, some favorite hobby, and trying with the other to help others, for the now in the same lost condition in which we were once ourselves, it will simply mean that instead of helping the other man out of the pit, we will only pull him in again. No, there must be a complete renouncing of everything and an entire consecration to the work of saving others. There must be a clinging to the "Cross" and a saving ourselves from sinking, but to have the necessary leverage to enable others to rise through our efforts.

My comrades, don't you see why you have stalled in the past to be so good a winner, and why those whom you thought were helped by you were rather saved in spite of your effort than as a consequence of it? You had other main purposes in life; you had other plans and toiling were for other things than your brother's salvation. Your efforts for others were more in the way of recreation, or as a secondary matter, to get a good name. Why is it so? Your conscience, which demanded a whole-hearted service, but which you tried to quieten with some sort of penitential endeavor to help others in the work of rescue now and then during the week. You have had no leverage, your fighting was as "one beating the air," and your combat was as that of one whose heart is divided. Your body has been at the service of your lips. You have sung mechanically, your tongue has uttered the well-known testimony, but your mind has been all the time occupied with that one ruling ambition, or desire, or perhaps a bad habit, or a bad habit. Because when He called you you refused to obey and become an officer, and walked away from the pit from which you were dug. The cries for help from those in the mire were unheeded, and you called the call of the Lover of sinners for your help. "Others could do better," you said, but YOUR work remained undone.

Consider these things now, reflect upon the words of the Lord, and see how He will with your God that He shall not wait any longer for you, but that you will be one of those who will go down in order to lift up. During this week of the Siege, set apart for the raising of fishers of men, let your name be enrolled as one who answers the call and cries, "Lord, here am I, send me!"

When a man is not disturbed by something that annoys someone else, he believes that he is good-natured.

"Tears are the softening snuffers which cause the seed of heaven to spring and take root in the human heart."—Walter Scott.

Gathered from the Four Winds.

RECENT ARMY HISTORY.

From the "Tight Little Island."

A telegram from Colombo, Ceylon, announces the safe arrival of the General and party. The General has been very busy on the trip.

International Headquarters is once more found to be too small. An additional floor measuring four thousand feet has been added.

A Registration Department, where Salvationists who desire to accommodate boarders, can have their address registered, has been opened in London.

The Chief-of-Staff led a Two Days' Field Officers' Council at Oxford. Commissioner Nicol reports some exceptionally blessed times.

Adjutant Thomas, of the Sunderland corps, has had an exciting time with a woman who thinks she ought to marry him. She was just barely prevented from stabbing him.

From Uncle Sam's Domain.

The Commander was taken ill so suddenly that he was unable to leave Headquarters for 10 days. Mrs. Booth-Tucker remained with him. The Commander is improving, we are glad to say.

Major Bovill has received a donation of \$500 from a New York merchant for S. D.

During the recent cold spell hundreds of Army hells were thrown open each night to accommodate the outcast. In the Memorial Hall alone, in New York City, over 600 men were sheltered nightly.

Lieut. Colonel Cozens was invited to lead a Temperance meeting in the Tremont Temple, Boston, on a recent Sunday afternoon.

The officers on headquarters staff were all engaged in folding and stamping the Self-Defence master. There was a total of 1,400 working hours altogether.

From the Land of the "Marseillaise."

The General, on his way to Australia, spent a whole day in Paris, giving to Commissioners Booth - Hellberg valuable advice to push the war forward.

The Commissioners Booth-Hellberg intend to open a new corps in the North of France, at Lille.

At Besancon, a corps lately opened, during a week of special meetings, presided by Brigadier and Mrs. Poyron-Roussel, more than 15,000 persons attended the meetings.

From the Land of Coal Mines.

The Marseillaise has presided over large and important meetings at Mons and Brussels. Although there was a well-organized opposition, the result has been victory everywhere.

At Anvers, a Protestant minister offered his church for the meetings. Protestant people in French speaking countries begin to appreciate the Army and its work.

Items from the "Slope."

The Flower Festival Home, of Los Angeles, has been donated with a clear deed of the house, lot and furnishings, to the Army Rescue Work by the Society Council. The cost of the Home, exclusive of the grounds, was \$20,000. It will be used as a Young Women's Boarding Home.

The Pacific Coast War Cry is giving its readers an illustrated account of the cities and towns of California, with brief sketches of the local corps' history.

Major Wood, of ancient Canadian fame, is issuing a little weekly sheet, called "Sunshine," to his officers.

A new Rescue Home has been opened in Los Angeles, by Staff-Capt. Dunham.

Scraps from "Macaroni" Land.

Capt. Lucy Hoe, speaking in the recent council led by the Chief-of-Staff, at Oxford, said, "I love the Italians. They are not so black as they are painted. You find out their good qualities when you love them. Then, remember the years of cruelty and oppression under which the people have lived."

A Training Home has been founded in Turin, the Headquarters of the Salvation Army in Italy, and a batch of women Cadets have taken possession. The next batch will be one of men Cadets.

HINTS.

Delight in wearing uniform.

Be willing to be reproved.

Be friendly with everybody, but have few friends.

Be willing and ready to learn from everybody.

A wise man will learn more from a fool, than a fool from ten wise men.

Be clean, use plenty of water and soap.



SANTA LUCIA, NAPLES, ITALY.

A NEWFOUNDLAND D. O.

Goes 480 Miles by Rail, Row-Boat Dog-Sled and Snow-Shoes.

I left St. Johns at 6:45 p.m. Next morning at 7 a.m. Gambo was reached. Capt. Seabury and Lieut. Rose are pushing forward the work and souls are being saved. A few months ago this corps was opened, and already quite a number of soldiers have been enrolled. Mr. Collins, an unsaved man, who got the S. A. to open Gambo, has been converted, and on my visit he, with seven others, took their stand 'neath the Flag. One young man returned to the fold.

Hare Bay. After a hard walk I got to this place. I had a guide for a part of the way. I got on a large pond and a storm came on. Not knowing where to go, it was rather awkward for a short time, but just at dark I was able to reach the houses. I spent the night with Bro. S. Collins and held a meeting. Seven gave me their names to become soldiers. Bro. Collins and Sergt. Wells held meetings here.

At Three Brooks several Wesleyville soldiers are lumbering. In one of their meetings seven sought salvation, and in another three. Their winter houses were too small, and at the time of my visit they were putting up a temporary barracks by moonlight.

After leaving Hare Bay 12 p.m., rowing all night in the cold, I was glad to get to Silver Island. Mr. Wicks made us comfortable and we got to the main land.

Then off to Greenspond. Capt. Snow and Lieut. Critch farwelled. Captain Clark is supplying. Two souls saved. Three enrolled and Sergeants appointed. They are determined to get their Siege target.

Wesleyville was reached after some difficulty with loose ice. Had a good meeting. One enrolled.

On my return trip I accompanied the mail carriers, and after two days' hard tramp we got to Gambo, very tired.

May God richly bless those who so kindly assisted me on this trip. Mr. Osmond, Bro. Collins, Father and Mrs.

Love fresh air, and the open-air.

Read the Bible, the War Cry and S.A. Regulations.

Take time to answer every question carefully and cheerfully.

Remember you are your brother's keeper, not his judge.

Use your eyes more than your tongue.

Don't be surprised when you catch a severe cold, or consumption, if you wear paper-soled slippers in winter and wet weather.

A Double Wedding at Neepawa.

I received a white-winged messenger announcing the marriage of Captain Mainprize and Ensign Cummins, at Neepawa, on Thursday, Feb. 10th, and also requesting me to be present.

I left Brandon at 9:45 a.m., arrived in Carberry an hour later. Sergt. Major Beswitherick hitched up his team. He and the Treasurer, two ladies and Capt. Stokess along with the writer left for Neepawa. Got there in good time for the banquet.

For two hours the people flocked to eat the good things provided. The Ensign was running about working up to within ten minutes of the ceremony. The P. O. was waiting to know if he was going to be married in his blue overalls, and asked the bride if she would take him like that, and she said, "Certainly. It was him, not his clothes, she came for."

Capt. Stokess led off the first song and prayer, and while the second was being sung, Major McMillan, the writer, J. S. S. M. Blake, Ensign Cummins, Capt. Mainprize, Bertha Knell and the bridesmaid, Ada Howatt, huddled on to the platform, amid a storm of volleys and welcomes. The barracks were packed, every nook and corner was full, and the doors had to be closed.

After the Major had set them into good humor, and made a few remarks which were original, not borrowed ones, Sister Buck, from Dauphin, was asked to speak for the married people; and if what she said is the experience of every married couple, we bachelors ain't in it.

Treas. Fallis, from Carberry, came next. The Major thinks he is a likely Candidate.

Capt. Swain had a pitiful tale to tell of cold slaves, frozen bread, desolate homes and in the near future expected to have things different. Capt. Stokess had his happiest day the day after his conversion, but he expected a second one soon. Sec. Coulter had a few words and said that there were only three people at his wedding, and said if there had been one person less he wouldn't have had a go at all.

Sergt. Major Donnelly sang a song, and then the Major, under the Flag, called the contracting parties to stand, and read the solemn vows to them. Ensign Cummins and Captain Mainprize were the first to say the "I will's." They went through the ceremony very well. The only fault of the contracting parties was that the Ensign did not speak loud enough.

The kisses were given and the crowd cheered, and Capt. Mainprize and Bertha Knell were no more.

May heaven's richest blessing be upon them, and may their united lives be a blessing to many and much happiness to themselves.—Robt. Smith, D. O.

Don't give advice, give the example.

Take as much care of your health as you would of your bicycle or sewing machine.



NAPLES, WITH MOUNT VESUVIUS IN THE BACKGROUND.

The General set sail from Naples on January 25th, for Australia.



SWORD AND SHIELD.

Our Weekly Bible Lesson.

JOSEPH, THE RULER.

Genesis xii. 38-48.

THE position of popularity and power to which Joseph was elevated is one more evidence of the fact that it is goodness that pays.

Outside his character Joseph had nothing when he came to Egypt as a slave. He had been stripped of all the wealth and prestige of his father's house, robbed of the comfort and companionship which were his by right, and had nothing to prejudice the world in his favor or gain him the first step on the road to fortune.

Yet Joseph had that possession which having, all other qualifications though desirable, may be done without, and without which all other things are lacking and tend rather to destroy than to build up a young man's future. He was good—not superficially or because he found it conventionally convenient to be so—and had the courage to abide by his convictions of righteousness on all and every point.

Such conscientiousness must succeed. Fidelity to principle is the great essential to a victorious life, and if it does not always bring, as it did to Joseph, a great sphere of influence and reward, it will ensure an ineffaceable impression for God and goodness being left upon the sphere which the soul does occupy and guarantee the confidence of all good hearts around.

An upright character compels the trust too, in a sense, even of the worldly and more unscrupulous. When the critical hour arrives and the man has to trust his money, his value, his reputation into some one's hands, he selects the man whose honesty of heart and integrity of purpose have given him a blameless reputation, as well as a character for a position of competent trust. Pharaoh felt the

things of his kingly house would be safe in Joseph's hands, who had the name for being doubly rich in the virtues of wisdom and goodness.

Great honor and influence now surrounded Joseph, but he was no foolish boy to have his head turned by the praise and power. Although only thirty years of age he had lived a life-time of experience, and gone through more hardships and awkward circumstances than many people twice his age. The trial and suffering had been fitting Joseph from the very first for this position. God, who had this prominent place in store for His young servant, had tested him in the difficulty and proved him in the trial. The most trying times of Joseph's life had served his character to good purpose. Suffering had made him strong. People who are able to go through peril, perplexity and pain, and can go through them bravely, are those whom God and man can trust to occupy positions of power over the lives of others. To fret at the trouble which confronts us to-day, may be to put aside the possibilities of the future for which courage in that trouble was to fit us.

If the Heavenly Gardener has lopped off some of thy branches, and cleared away some leaves, never fear, for it is that thou shalt bear more fruit; He that knows the end from the beginning makes no mistakes; He does not give His loved ones a turn too much in the furnace, nor a Gethsemane too much of loneliness or suffering. HE doeth all things well. Did He not say, "There are first which He will not, and last that shall be first."

HINDRANCES TO HOLINESS.

I. — Freedom from Unholy Tempers.

Galatians v. 16, 19, 20, 21; Ephesians iv. 31.

Perhaps the commonest of all hindrances to the obtaining of a clean heart, or even to the retaining of one's justification, is a bad temper. It crops out in the cradle, it grows with our growth, it conquers prudence, politeness and policy in us, and appears inborn in all of us. "Good temper" is but a relative term, and the best of unsanctified men, only live with them long enough, will display some sign, however faint, of anger. Will not a sanctified man also? Many a soul has doubted, and still doubts, the possibility of destroying from the human heart a passion so universal, so overmastering, so subtle.

He who believes in God, declares that this destruction is possible to the Holy Spirit of God. "I am the Lord that Spirit of God." Why limit God? Why doubt and hesitate longer? There is no limit to the cleansing, sanctifying power of the Spirit in your heart, except that imposed by your own inability.

II. — Worthless Earth's Delight and Show.

Romans xii. 2; Leviticus xx. 24.

The relation of dress to religion has been a vexed one for certainly twenty-six centuries. It is not that Christ has not settled it, over and again, for His professed followers, in the space of time, for nothing can be more explicit than the teaching of the prophets and apostles on this head. But so long as vanity continues to be one of the most insidious of human passions, there will be wanting self-satisfied Christians to make these words of God "of none effect."

In the long list of feminine adornments which he tells us "The Lord will take away from His daughters of Zion," Isaiah places every article which marked a woman as fashionable, and, these one, one, her dress must have remained poor and plain. If fashionable apparel has not a relation to sin, why should God take it away from His daughters?

"I never think of my dress." Then, think about it now: think of its influence upon your weaker, more light-minded sisters, and think whether, in its own and apparent world-likeness, it is fit wearing for the servant and witness of the Gallilean Carpenter.

III. — Perish Every Fond Ambition.

Isaiah lii. 11; I. Thessalonians iv. 7.

"There is no devil," once wrote a despairing girl to me. "What you call the devil is simply my wicked self. I cannot keep it under, it is always putting itself forward."

Diotrephes, who loved to have the pre-eminence, has left a larger family behind him than is generally suspected. Not only the men who are always pushing to the front in church or camp, but sometimes their critics, the men and women who have the same spirit, but who lack the opportunity to display it, are still possessed of the Diotrephan devil of self. It must be cast out, or ever their hearts can be clean.

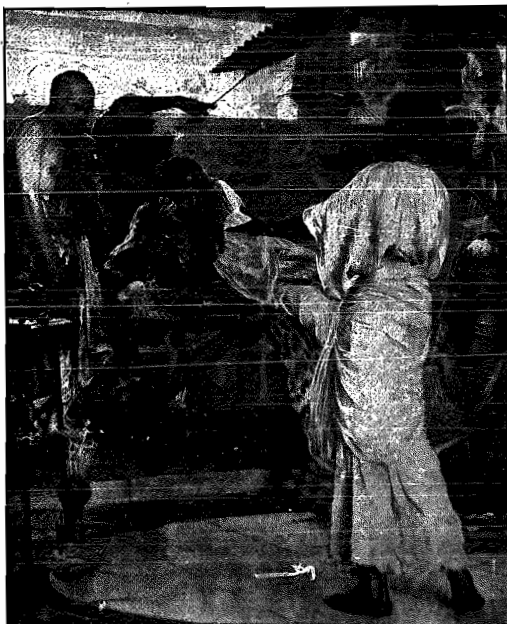
IV. — All my Holy Laughter, Let it be for Thee.

I. Peter i. 15, 16; Matthew xii. 34, 35, 37.

Very few people travel far on the highway of holiness without realizing in their own experience the exact and profound truth declared by James: "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able to bridle the whole body."

The old appetites return no more, the old temper has entirely vanished, the old feelings and wishes have passed away, and all our life appears indeed to have changed, and yet, now and again, that new and most sensitive Spirit by which we are ruled and guided, seems hurt by a chance word. What ails our talk?

We were not considering, not a thought of slander had come to our minds—and yet! The lines of action seem broad, and heavily marked, and the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not mistake them. But where falls the delicate hair-line of speech? There is light to show even that, if we will resolutely put aside all veils of habits, and fix your eyes steadfastly on the light's Source. It is not possible for one human being to trace that line for all the world, but if our sons are given over entirely to the guidance of God's Spirit, He will trace it for us each.



JOSEPH INTERPRETING PHAROAH'S DREAM. Gen. xli. 14-16.

Weekly Watchword:

Strong in the Lord.

Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxiii. 25.

To Thy saints while here below,
With new years new mercies come;
But the happiest year they know
Is the last, which lends them home.

MONDAY.

My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me,
When I am weak, then I am strong:
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

TUESDAY.

I am the Lord, thy God, which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go. Isa. xlviii. 17.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me by Thy powerful hand.

WEDNESDAY.

He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? Rom. viii. 32.

My soul, ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

THURSDAY.

If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. Mark ix. 23.

Oh, for a strong and lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith;
To embrace the message of His Son,
And call the joys of heaven my own.

FRIDAY.

The Lord is a sun and a shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. Psa. lxxviii. 11.

While Fear hints, "There's something that God will deny,"
"No good thing," is Faith's most decisive reply;

Whatever He withholdeth is most wisely denied;
How full is the promise, "The Lord will provide!"

SATURDAY.

In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths. Prov. iii. 6.

Each future scene to Thee I leave;
Sufficient 'tis to know
Thou canst from every evil save,
And every good bestow.

The Window of Mercy.

By SOPE.

In a church at Harpenden, England, there may be seen a beautiful stained glass window, called the Window of Mercy, so named from the deeds of mercy depicted in its panels. The idea was suggested by the words of our Saviour, when, in describing the Judgment Day, He said that the standard of true merit shall be:

He's lost what he had loved the best.
A startled peasant passing there
Inquires the reason of his sighs.
"My gold! My gold! They've stolen
all!"
"Your treasure? What is it, and
where?"
"Why, buried underneath this stone.
Gold comes but slowly, quickly goes;
I never touched it." "Gracious me!"
Replied the other, "Why, then, be
so wretched? For, if you say true,
You never touched it, plain the case:
Put back the stone upon its place,
'Twill be the very same to you!"

them that they have them, but few people are the better for it.

Of course, these cautious ones have many plausible reasons to offer, why they are not able to be officers, such as: Must provide for the day of adversity; Can live just as good lives as soldiers; Had no special call from God; There are others who are more gifted; Charity begins at home.
What is to become of him when worn out in the service;
Who will support his wife and family if he dies in the field? and so on in like manner.

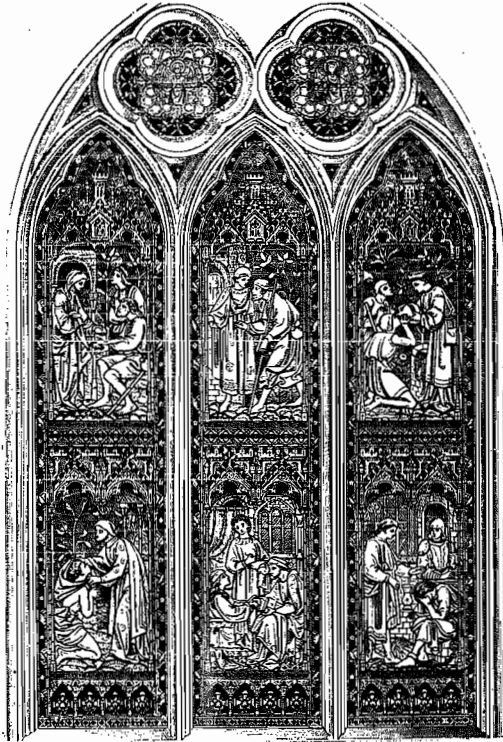
There is only ONE reply to be made to all these excuses, and it is this: If the cries of the oppressed, the groans of the suffering, the curses of the vicious, the tears of the wronged, the sneers of the septic, the wretchedness of the poor, the pleadings of the hungry, the calls of the prisoners, and the boast of corruption all around us do not mould themselves into one great heart-piercing call of God for YOU, then the very stones will cry out against your indifference

regarding the "least of these My brethren."

To the front! the cry is ringing.
To the front! YOUR PLACE IS THERE!
In the conflict men are wanted,
Men of hope, and faith, and prayer.
Selfish ends shall claim no right
From the battlefield to take us;
Fear shall vanish in the fight,
For triumphant God will make us.

What He Left.

A very rich man has just died, and some gentlemen were discussing the probable amount of his estate.
"Well, I wonder what he left," said one.
"I know!" replied a thoughtful friend by his side.
"What?" was the anxious enquiry.
"Everything!" was the significant reply.



THE WINDOW OF MERCY.

I was an hungry, and ye gave Me meat:

I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink:
I was a stranger, and ye took Me in:
Naked, and ye clothed Me:
I was sick and ye visited Me:
I was in prison, and ye came unto Me.

If these things ARE the touchstone of the true value of our salvation, then the name, Window of Heaven, is a most significant one indeed. It means that these acts of mercy are the true reflection of God's love in our souls, and as the windows of that church are the means of letting into the edifice light for the worshippers, so the deeds, not the words, of the disciples of Jesus form the window through which the light of God is seen by the sinner and unbeliever. In other words, the follower of Christ is the truly rich man, for real wealth is displayed in the USE of possessions. He sets His capital of love and compassion into circulation and earns high interest with it. He continually gives out and receives back with profit. He uses His two, or three, or five talents and doubles them in a short time.

Not so with selfish man, the peculiar or the spiritual miser. His poverty is truly illustrated in the words of the well-known fable:

By gold the miser was so little blessed;
Not its possessor, but by it possessed;
He buried it a fathom under ground;
His heart was with it; his delight
To ruminate upon it day and night;
A victim to the altar ever bound.

One fine day the miser came, his soul
Glowing with joy; he found the empty
nest:

There were no tears, and sobs, and cries,
He frets, and tears his thin, grey hair:

Yes, in spite of his hoarding, the miser is the greatest pauper. He has one talent, and, full of distrust, is afraid to use it; he buries it, expecting that with nothing he will gain another talent; but that is impossible, unless he either steals or deceives, for in the spiritual realm it is the same as in the commercial world; value for value, and interest added for the mental and physical labor in the transaction.

But there is another class of people, who are between the two kinds spoken of before, they are

The Cautious Christians.

We have first the generous, second the miserly Christian; of course these terms are applied in their wide sense. Now, the cautious Christian holds a very different position between the two. He has certain talents, but his position does not allow him to use them to full advantage. In the Salvation Army this class of soldiers are the ought-to-be Candidates! They are young; they are fairly strong; they are saved; they love God and souls; they have some gifts—whether they be knowledge, or plain speech, or music, or oratory, or insight, or whatever they be—yet, they are contented to spend ten hours and more a day in the endeavor to get money and provide for this world a comfortable home. They tie themselves to a certain calling in life, leaving only a few hours during the week to the seeking of the lost and the blessing of the needy, while before them lays the golden, priceless opportunity of throwing in their life and all they have with the Salvation Army, and, as officers, help in the great task of bringing the world to Christ.

They are not only bringing out their talents once in a great while, to render

"IT'S A FINE THING TO BE SAVED!"

One Sabbath morning in Glasgow—a nice, quiet morning; all the shops shut, no 'buses, no cabs, no cars, and the kirk bells ringing—there was amongst the rest of the worshippers an old Scotch woman wending her way along to God's house, as she had done for years, Bible in one hand and her handkerchief in the other. She was walking along in the most respectable Scotch fashion to the kirk, when suddenly up came the Salvation Army. I love them—but they are not quiet. Whatever they are or are not, no one ever blamed them for being quiet; and they were going at a grand trot, with drums, and someone walking backwards and making the streets ring. When the decent old lady, quiet and demure, got somehow into the procession, and a man jumped nearly his own height into the air, and gave a tremendous shout of "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! It's a fine thing to be saved!"

The Old Lady Just gave a Shiver.

"Ah!" she said, "did you ever hear the like o' that?" Well, now, what was wrong? He didn't say it quietly in the kirk; he didn't say it behind a prayer-book—he just yelled it. "Hallelujah! It's a fine thing to be saved!" If that man had held his peace, the stones of the street would have immediately cried out. It IS a fine thing to be saved; and we must carry our religion not only to church and behind the hymn-book on Sunday, but in the streets and to our business. That decent old lady would say the same thing—"It's a fine thing to be saved!"—ten minutes later, in her kirk, when the minister would read out the fourteenth Psalm in Scotch metre. We are terribly tied up and tied in! Hallelujah! it's a fine thing to be saved! It is the greatest of all possible blessings. May your eyes water for it; may your heart yearn for it!

—From "Life in a Look," a sermon by the Rev. John McNeill, preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle during the present Great London Mission, on January 21, 1898.



THE MISER.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

ENSIGN McRAE, Newfoundland, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN KENWAY, Newfoundland, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN NEWMAN, Newfoundland, to be ADJUTANT.

Lieutenant Tensie Glanz promoted to Glory from Portage in Prairie, Jan. 19th, 1899.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



Welcome Home!

All Headquarters, from the message boy Cecil up to the Territorial Secretary, is rejoicing over the safe return of our brave leader, the Field Commissioner, our genial Chief Secretary, and Staff-Capt. Morris, the musical A. D. C. of the Commissioner, to the centre. The name of the difficulties encountered by Miss Booth is Legion, and if the Prince of the Air has anything to do with the weather, he did certainly put forth his best effort to upset the arrangements and prevent the meetings, which he knew would mean much damage to his kingdom. Needless to remark, he failed. We recommend the report on the opposite page to the perusal of our readers, and wish to state here that Miss Booth found it impossible to write up her meetings in and impressions of Newfoundland herself, as she originally intended, on account of the reaction of the heavy campaign, which left her rather in a weak state. There appears now to be no cause to fear a serious illness, although such was rather apprehended on the Sunday after the Commissioner's return. We would ask all comrades to pray for the Commissioner, who so unsparsingly has given the best of her time, strength and thought for the advance of the Territory in every particular of S. A. warfare. The Field Commissioner, the Chief Secretary and Staff-Capt. Morris are unanimous in their assertion that the tour on the whole has been a most remarkable one, surpassing all that has been known in the records of S. A. warfare in Newfoundland. The reports of the meetings conducted at Springfield Mines, Newcastle and Quebec on the return journey from Newfoundland will appear in the next edition of the War Cry.

A Ghost Laid.

For some years our London (Ont.) troops have been restricted in their open-air operations to one particular spot in that city, the Chief-of-Police telling them that there was a by-law which prohibited the holding of street meetings anywhere else but in that certain place. Our Provincial Officer, Major Southall, was greatly chagrined over this exception which London made among the cities of Ontario, and he determined to make an appeal to the City Council to have the by-law repealed. He was especially encouraged in this by the fact that the mayor and the aldermen (at least, nearly all of these gentlemen) are friends of the Army and its work, as evidenced only last year in the action which gave the Army the privilege of conducting meetings in the park. The matter was duly laid before the Council; many of the most favorable testimonials of the Com-

mits of other cities had been obtained with regard to the unrestricted freedom of the S. A. to hold their open-air on any street corner, and of the "good conduct" and estimable work done by our organization, and a time was appointed for the discussion of the affair by the city fathers—when at this juncture a search for the obnoxious by-law revealed the fact that it did not exist! Fancy, the Chief-of-Police threatening the S. A. with that ghost! We heard that that worthy official had read the "by-law" to one of our former P. O's, but we are inclined to believe that it was the Riot Act and something like it—anyway, it does not matter much now, since the ghost has been laid; we only hope that the spectre will not retaliate and now haunt the Chief-of-Police.

The Easter War Cry.

The news of the Special Easter War Cry had hardly been out, and a letter giving some description of it to the officers had only time to reach the nearest corps and allow time for an answer, when already a plucky F. O. sends in an extra order for two hundred copies of the special number, and that comes from a place which ordinarily takes only 125 copies weekly! Well done, Penbrook! Your faith shall not be without reward. The presses have been going for several days already printing the cover—it will be a thing of beauty and joy for everybody who buys it. By the way, have YOU done anything to help to make the Easter Cry interesting? If not, you can make up for it by pushing it, and the Editorial Office will absolve you for the neglect of the former.

General Secretary and Staff Give the Women's Social a Cheer.

Wednesday night a most enjoyable evening of music and song at the Industrial Home, led by Brigadier Commander, members of his staff, and other H. Q. officers. Much pleasure expressed by officers, inmates, and visiting girls. Cordial invitation to "Come again."—Brigadier Mrs. Read.

HAMPTON OPENED.

Several friends of the Salvation Army and a few soldiers who have stood true to the Flag, have been petitioning us to re-open this place, so we made arrangements to do so on Saturday and Sunday, the 18th and 19th February.

The first shot was fired in the open-air on the Saturday night. A good crowd listened as Major Collier, Ensign Perry, Capt. Andrews and Cadet Adams sang and spoke. Away we went to the new Orange Hall, the lower part of which had been fixed up expressly for the Salvation Army. We had a good meeting, but as it was election night the crowd was smaller than it otherwise would have been.

Three good meetings were held on the Sunday with deep conviction, but none would yield, although several told the writer that they would soon come and take their stand for God, and we believe this is in print some of them will have done so.

The people are very kind and much interested in our work, and will stand by Capt. Andrews and her assistant, and do what they can to help on the war. God bless Hampton!—T. H. Collier, Major.

EN AVANT!

Adj. Robert announces that she has secured a vacant store on St. Lawrence St., in the first block above Sherbrooke St., where the meetings of the French corps will be held after May 1st. It will be suitably furnished in the meantime and will make a nice hall.—Montreal Witnesses.

The Siege at Old No. 1.

Eight days' special meetings were commenced Sunday at old No. 1, Staff-Captain Creighton in charge, assisted by a number of Headquarters Staff. The meetings were well attended. At night seats had to be placed in the aisle to accommodate the crowd. The visible results of the day's fight were three souls in the Fountain, crowded hall, finances nearly doubled. Monday night hail about full. One soul.—A. McLean, Adj.

THE SIEGE AT ST. KITTS.

This week has been a glorious week for the J. S. war. Monday night surpassed everything in J. S. demonstration. Crowded house. S.-M. Berry brought the house down when she played her hand organ. Everybody enjoyed themselves. J. S. Locals worked hard, and the Sergeant-Major sold over 150 tickets. Thursday night young people's meeting. Saturday night Locals had the meeting led off by J. S. Sergeant-Major. She gave a reading of the "Old Crabs and the Young Crabs," out of All the World. Sunday holiness meeting turned into a red-hot prayer meeting. At night was the crowding time. The J. S. Sergeant-Major had a target of ten souls in the Fountain and \$10 collection. The "Robes" went off without a hitch. We went in for a red-hot prayer meeting. Out came one poor drunkard, then five Juniors. Here comes two more. Here comes another backslider, and when we wound up there were twelve girls and two boys, and two brothers, making sixteen souls in the Fountain. The J. S. Locals are rejoicing. This has been a wonderful week of the Siege.—Pub. Sergt.-Major.

Here and There.

New South Wales contains more flowering plants than all Europe.

Montreal had two hundred and seventy-five frozen hydrants one morning during the cold spell.

There are in the United States over 50 distinct secret orders, with more than 70,000 lodges, and 5,000,000 members.

The loss of small Texas farmers by the recent blizzard is placed at \$1,000,000.

In making the average trip around the world, a traveller covers about 22,000 miles.

In several sections around Havana the soil produces five crops of vegetables in a year.

Since the beginning of this century no less than 52 volcanic islands have risen out of the sea. Nineteen of that number have disappeared, and 10 are now inhabited.

For the seven months of the fiscal year ended January 31, the total foreign trade of Canada was \$199,017,000, against \$184,992,000 in the same period of the previous year, an increase of \$14,000,000.

Admiral Cervera is to be court-martialed in Spain because he lost his fleet off Santiago.

Rudyard Kipling, the renowned poet, has been dangerously ill in New York.

The Pope of Rome thanks God for the revival of the Catholic Religion among the High Church followers of England.

The American deficit on account of the late war with Spain will total 150 million dollars.

Major Hargrave at Old No. 1.

(Special.)

A real day of victory at Richmond St. Sunday. Meetings conducted by Major Hargrave. One surrendered in holiness meeting. Crowd very good, afternoon and night. Plenty of life and enthusiasm. Farewell of Capt. Welch. The whole family turned in to assist at night with music and song. Well-fought prayer meeting. Four souls for salvation.



SHE: "John, I believe you love that War Cry more than you love me. You are almost devouring it."

HE: "Hardly; you are much dearer to me. This Cry costs only the price of one of your dress buttons."

Chips from the G. S. Department.

A DIT. BARR, commander of the Men's Social Institution at Victoria, has had a tremendous fight to keep things afloat lately. There is a great scarcity of wood amongst the merchants there, and the Adjutant and his assistant have tramped any number of miles trying to hunt wood. Just when they got to their extremity God blessed them by enabling them to get sufficient to supply their customers. Adj. Barr has put up a good fight since he has been at the Victoria Shelter, and we have faith to believe that he will make both the Shelter and the Wood Yard in connection with it, a model affair. He says in a letter, "We are endeavoring our hardest to 'get there,' and moving that way."

The Men's Food and Shelter, at Montreal, commonly known as "Joe Beef's Converted," is pushing on with vigor fighting. Morning prayers are held, and a morning and afternoon meeting conducted on Sunday. Every man in the house attends the Sunday afternoon meeting, which numbers about 100 men. There is another meeting on Wednesday night attended by all the men. A poor drunkard recently got converted. A good work is being done by personal interviews.

Brigadier Mrs. Read visits Peterboro on March 4th, 5th and 6th. We prophesy a very successful time. It will well repay the Peterboro comrades to hear the Women's Social Secretary.

Adj. Aikenhead has been hastily called away from Peterboro to visit her father, who is reported to be dying. The Lord comfort her in her sore trouble. Capt. Susie French is leading on the forces at Peterboro.

Adj. Geo. Dodd, who is in charge of the Food and Shelter Depot at Spokane, writes respecting the Siege:

"Depend upon me doing my best for God and souls. We have two meetings a week. Last Sunday night we had the joy of pointing two souls to the Blood, and THEY GOT WASHED CLEAN. Glory!"

The health of Mrs. Adj. Dodd has improved much since she went there.

Ensign Kendall, who has taken charge of Quebec Men's Shelter, writes full of hope for the success of the Siege in his command. He has not had time to do much yet, but will be heard from. He speaks in the highest terms of the impression created by the Field Commissioner's visit.

The first application for Corps Cadetship in connection with the Siege arrived in the G. S. Department on 27th Feb. It came from East Ontario Province. The applicant's name is Josephine Mulren.

He was a saloon-keeper, but he had a HEART in him—he was too good for his business. When two lasses came along and sang to him the song:

"Whence'er you chance to meet, A poor drunkard on the street,"

he proffered them 50c. for singing it. Some months afterwards Ensign Griffith passed that way with the Lassies' song, the hotel-keeper again asked for the song; the Ensign obliged him. He wanted to take the whole band or a dozen two of charge, and was ready to do anything he possibly could for their comfort. May God bless and save the saloon-keepers.—C.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER IN NEWFOUNDLAND

Immense Difficulties to "Get There"—Enormous Crowds—Everywhere Packed Halls—Penitent-Forms Filled with Seekers—57 Souls at St. John's—An Unsurpassed Record in the S. A. History of the Island.



CE as far as the eye could see. The towering billows of the blue Atlantic were bent like a giant in a crouching position. The wharf was deserted. Its usually busy port, frost-imprisoned. Every day upon its slippery brink some watcher's gaze was strained to catch some glimpse of the long-delayed steamer, which days since should have ploughed its way from the land to the other side of the white glittering waste, and by this time be far on its return journey. Within a Sydney homestead Newfoundland's long-expected guest waited as patiently as could well be expected, that over on the ice-locked island her expectant people seemed doomed to disappointment, and her own planned tour be drawn to an untimely end ere it had well started. Three days' suspense went on, but still the fettered water-way gave no sign of smoke or sail. If zero temperature and whirling hurricanes had taken to themselves voices they could hardly have declared their apparent verdict more plainly—thus far and no further.

Scrape, thud, bump, crash. The gallant little Bruce is at last forging a passage through. Track there is none, though she is retracing her voyage with but few hours' interval at North Sydney. Were it not for masts and funnels it would be hard to imagine oneself at sea at all. We seem in the centre of an Arctic ice-field. How our steel clad leviathan makes its way our vision which varies from two to three feet in thickness is a mystery—somehow the feat is accomplished, though not without creaks and groans at every effort which vibrates through the vessel from stem to stern, and wakes torturing echoes in the passengers' suffering heads. For sixty miles the strain goes on—the longest ice-journey of the Bruce's record, and then, the open sea is reached—and the open highway.

The steamer is tossed to and fro like a toy upon the waves' furled lashing. Those who had called themselves good sailors during the passage through the ice, now succumbed to the swirling singings of that blinding storm. Nearly everybody was sick—the Field Commissioner alarmingly so. A fellow-passenger declared that sympathetically with her own sick suffering quite sickened away. At last a cessation came to the constant grudging of the persistent seas—anger eyes peep out into the night, but no lullor is in

sight. "Too dangerous to go any further just now," says the Captain, and for hours the Bruce is hattered to and fro like an anchored shuttlecock.

But even to such a sea-voyage there comes an end and Placentia wharf is made—hours later than the prescribed time, and pulling together what is left the passengers crawl out onto the frozen gangway. On the wharf stands a well-known figure of sturdy build—Brigadier Sharp. The Highlander is a Scotchman, and, like others of his countrymen, can "hide his time." All the same we fancy that some anxiety lifted from his face as our ship, crystalized from masthead to watermark, hove in sight, and the beam which brightened his long-gone countenance spoke volumes of relief from the gnawing suspense of two days' hope deferred.

Three a. m. Sunday morning. The snow is drifting and a blizzard blowing about the little railway station at Harbor Grace. Newfoundlanders are no lie-beds of a Sunday morning, but thus early even the earliest busman is yet unseen. Unusual activity is going on under the cover of the dark bluster. A sleigh is waiting at the depot door, and a distracted sleigh-driver running up and down amongst the few passengers illuminated from the train, now so tardily arrived, asked anxiously, "Which is her?" No need of a name. All Harbor Grace could have told whom he was looking for, for was not the whole town's eyes and ears to see and hear Miss Booth! It seemed to have turned out almost en masse to the meetings later in the day. Nor were the eager crowds disappointed. That sleigh-driver had searched amongst the bemuddled travellers in vain. The Commissioner was there—giddy and weak and exhausted with her journey, she yet made a brave fight. The invasion left for God and the Flag was no transient one. As to the local corps, their warm hearts yet kindle in the thought of the battle they were privileged to fight under the personal command of their leader. We use the word battle advisedly. No other term would imply a prayer meeting with Newfoundland soldiers for the sake of Newfoundland sinners.

"Make room for the Colonel!" It was easy to say, but how was such to be made? Aisles and doorways are blocked, and everybody occupies just about half the space that seems within the range of physical possibility. The crowd in and about the Orange Hall was a terrific sight, and a more terrific experience when it came to wedging oneself through. The Chief Secretary and Staff-Capt. Morris initially declared that they might have to remember Caribou as the scene of some severe damage done to their ribs. When once in, their only means of exit was through the window. Just how the Commissioner was got within the doors and up to the platform must remain a mystery. It was a wonderful meeting. Divine influences played over it—the Commissioner was inspired—the soldiers at boiling pitch. The building was jammed to the doors—and the prayer meeting no easy matter to conduct. In the scent of a hard fight fires the zeal

of a Newfoundlander to white heat. It is a question whether for hand to hand Salvation War they have their equal in the world. At Caribou a lined penitent form was the blessed result.

"Miss Booth will visit Brigus!" The large-lettered little cards had swept the quiet little out-harbor into a flutter of anticipation. Its characteristics are usually somewhat sedate, as becomes the peaceful abode of many a weather-beaten mariner of gales long since gone by. The Town Hall was given gratuitously for the Commissioner, and the high-reached high-water mark in point of crowd and enthusiasm, disappointed hundreds told the tale of a full house some hours before the hour of commencement. The Commissioner spoke burning words and broken-hearted sinners fell at the penitent form. The Commissioner was the honored guest of the family of Capt. Bartley, who is at present in the Arctic Regions, as Chief Officer of the new historic Windward, in which Lieutenant Perry has sailed in search of the North Pole.

Close on midnight, but the hall is yet brilliantly lighted and the meeting at full swing. Through the windows out onto the still, frosty air, come sounds of music and singing, and this is literally what is going on. The prayer meeting is just over, and the hallelujah wind-up so dear to the heart of a Newfoundlander is on. The scene is one of holy gladness. It has been a glorious meeting, and everybody is joining in. Ensign Welch and the ladies, Willie and Pearl, are tripping to the time, while the Chief Secretary is footing it in fine style. The sturdy Newfoundlanders, who are jumping, shouting, singing to the inspiring strains of—

"Come home, prodigal, come home!" are putting as much heart into their praise as an hour since they did in their prayer. Excitement is high, for even their beloved Commissioner, whose appeal that night has been so blessedly owned of God, is keeping time to the chorus. It is a marvellous scene—its happiness evident to everybody's eyes and ears—its full significance only to be grasped by a heart in tune with the liberty which the island warriors of the Flag exhibit and enjoy. Pain would we linger on such historic ground, for this the renowned Bay Roberts corps, which has given thirty officers to the Territory's service, and has at the present time a swart soldierly of two hundred and eighty-five.

Another expectant throng at a railway station. This time St. John's, and the crowd a huge one. To detail the journeyings of the little party for whom that sick crowd waited, as they have gone from place to place, much that is profitable, more that is interesting and we will not say how much that is amusing would be included. Our space forbids but a bare mention of such characters as one David McIvor, otherwise Adjutant, who proved himself a Jack-of-all-trades on the travelling. He it was who procured for the Commissioner that invaluable cup of tea after the meetings, with

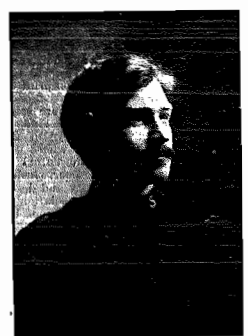
or without the aid of a stove, beguiled the tedious of the long railway journeys for Willie and Pearl, and served the war generally in a manner hardly conceivable with the accepted idea of a man supposed to be on rest. But there were others who, like McIvor, did all that lay in or out of their power to compass the comfort of their Commissioner or aid the success of her campaign, and we must not stay, for St. John's crowd is waiting.

The solid phalanx of uniformed men and women drawn up and around the station was a splendid show. There was scarcely a soldier without some uniform—most of them being in full regalia. Adj. Dowell, to whose capable arrangements much credit for the ever memorable campaign which followed is due, looked with pride, as well he might, upon his marshallled corps. They were such as any leader might feel proud of, and we think the Commissioner's heart felt something of such as she passed through the enthusiastic ranks, who cheered and cheered again as she smiled and waved back at them.

These meetings as the climax of the Newfoundland Campaign had naturally been looked forward to with tremendous anticipation. The news of the remarkable crowds and record-breaking enthusiasm which had attended the Commissioner's previous appointments in the Island had rolled the ball of expectation bigger and bigger with every day. That St. John's was to be equal to and ahead of all that had gone before was a foregone conclusion with everybody.

There were some circumstances which, on their face, were not of the brightest. One was the weather. This was as grim and unpromising as protracted blizzards could make it. Local authorities gave their word that such weather had not been known in Newfoundland for half a century. I don't think the soldiers even gave the thought a consideration, but there may have been some people who wondered how many would venture out. Then Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, the popular Evangelists, were holding a mission in a church hard by, and there may have been others who

(Continued on page 12.)



STAFF-CAPTAIN MORRIS,
Private Secretary to the Commissioner.

Sin's Consequences.

By RUTH.



On her cloak and bonnet, she passed out into the street. Her errand was to look up the backsliders, and try to induce them to come to the meetings, and back to God. It was called a "hard go," this little place, but with undaunted faith she had tolled on, and now the presence of the Lord and the power of the Spirit was being manifest.

The wind blew lustily as she made her way from one street to another, finally stopping before a gloomy looking house. A gentle rap at the door brought a fair, delicate looking woman to it.

"Come in, Captain," she said as you have called. The baby is so sick and I could not leave it to get out to meetings. My poor husband, you know, is a backslider."

God's little messenger waited quietly until the woman told her all about her troubles, knowing that oftentimes the best way to relieve an overcharged heart is to let it pour itself out. She interrupted into another sympathetic one.

"Yes, dear," she answered at last quietly, "I am sure things look dark to you just now, but I think if with your own soul, are you all right?"

"Praise God, I am all right, my hope is in Him," the woman replied.

After they had knelt together and prayed, out into the street the God girl peeped into the bed where lay a tiny babe, frail and white as a sweet snow-drop.

"I am afraid I shall never raise her," said the mother, and the tears were dropped down on the coverlid, as she looked at the pale face of her darling. With a tender kiss and a few words of comfort the Captain left.

A few days after the message came,

"Baby is Dead;

Will you come to-morrow and lead the funeral service?" At the time appointed she went to the house of death, and the tiny coffin stood upon two chairs, and the broken-hearted parents sobbed aloud as they knelt by the form of their "babe."

After the service was over a short drive brought them to the cemetery, the cab stopped, and on stepping out, the Captain saw two tiny snow covered graves side by side, and a third, freshly dug, lay open to receive the God girl.

The pure body was committed to the dust and as the clouds draped the earth upon the easel the sorrow of the parents was almost unbearable. Oh, Captain, sobbed the mother's father, "this is the third little one we have laid in the grave this last few years. All about the same age. Ever since I have been a backslider God has dealt with us."

"Then, why will you not come back to Him? Why will you be stricken again?"

"I cannot come back yet," he answered, and as the grave-digger shovelled in the last spadeful of earth they stepped into the cab and drove off to their desolate home. As the Captain farewelled some after, she thought of the day knowing that this poor backslider was restored to God.

Surely this story proves the truth of the solemn words, "The iniquities have turned away these things, and you sinners have witholden good things from you." How many a vacant chair, how many a fresh-dug grave there is in this world, how many a fresh footprint in the snow by the side of a loved one's grave that need not be. The pure spirit has to be transferred to the land of light, that the tar-dimmed eye of the mourner may follow it to where the Lamb that sits on the Throne enfolds it in His loving arms, and the poor, shrinking heart has to be left empty and desolate, before it will seek the consolation of God. Many a crushing grief comes because of someone's sin.

Reader, have thy good things been witholden, or taken from thee? Has any of the sins which have been removed from the vision? Then hear the sweet voice of thy Lord, when thy wounded mind cries out in its agony, "Why, why is it thus with me?" speaking, "You have turned away these things, and you sinners have witholden good things from you." Jer. v. 23. Then turn to Him. He has promised "No good

thing will He withhold from them who walk uprightly." Seek His favor, not from any selfish motive, for He reads thy desires. But let the goodness of thy Lord lead thee to repentance. Thou listen what He says again: "He openeth also their ears to discipline, and commandeth that they refrain from their iniquities. If they obey and serve Him, they shall spend their days in prosperity and their years in pleasure." Job xxvii. 11. Even then there may have to come other dealing of the word with the spirit, but how vastly different! The dear sainted Haverall says:

"Yes, there is tribulation, but Thy power Can blend it with rejoicing; There are thorns, but they have kept us In the narrow way, The King's highway of holiness and peace; And there is chastening, but the Father's love Flows through it."

And would any trusting heart Forget the chastening, and forego the love? And every step leads on to more and more of the Father.

From strength to strength Thy pilgrims pass and sing The praise of Him Who leads them on and on, From glory unto glory, even here!"

A Bird's-Eye View of Spokane, Wash.

Your correspondent recently arrived in Spokane, where his attention was called to the large number belonging to, and the great interest manifested in, the Salvation Army.

Just now the Army is in the midst of a Siege, and special efforts are being put forth to bring sinners to God, and in this way many are forsaking their sin.

The Army is also conducting a Rescue Home and Shelter, where the poor and unfortunate are taken in and cared for.

The Mayor of the city has become greatly interested in the management of the Home, and has recommended to the City Council the necessity and desirability of making an appropriation. This is a move in the right direction, and should be imitated by other cities.

The Shelter is located on Front St. in a large, commodious, three-story brick building, and has an average of about 60 boarders and roomers. Meals and beds are obtained at a small cost, either in money or work, the destitute being furnished with temporary employment in the wood yard and assisted to positions in the city and country.

At present the Shelter is under the supervision of Adj. and Mrs. Dodd, assisted by Capt. and Mrs. Lacy, and is in a flourishing condition.

Under the present management many needed improvements have been inaugurated, which greatly add to the beauty and home-like appearance of the institution.

Too much cannot be said in favor of these people, as the good they are doing cannot be over-estimated, and it is gratifying to know that the public is beginning to see and appreciate the good wrought by them. Long may they live to enjoy the fruition of their labor.—From one who was there.



"Me join them? Now, who do you think I am?"

May He teach us how to die to live; how to sink in ourselves to rise in Him; how to be empty enough to receive His fullness that He Himself may give us a "mouth and wisdom that all our enemies cannot gainsay or resist." Then we shall only be the instruments, and He the almighty worker; what wonder would the world shall see when it is "not I, but Christ."—R. C. Black.

Siege Siftings

From Brigadier Bennett's Domain.

Cornwall.

Adj. Bradley met me at the train. As we walked into the town we met Mrs. Bradley busy selling War Cry and passing the war.

Saturday's meeting was a good time, but all day on Sunday God was with us in a special manner. At knee - drill there was a fine crowd, and they knew how to pray. One sister found the blessing of sanctification. At eleven we had the covenant service, which was a most blessed time. The afternoon meeting was also well attended, and one soul sought salvation. Between the afternoon and night service the Adjutant and I visited one of the boarders who was near death's door, but his soul was right with God, and in spite of his weakness of body, he was happy in the love of Jesus. Sunday night a backslider and three children prayed for me. The brother told us of the thing that made him stumble, but he said he was determined to conquer and to be a true soldier. Some of the comrades put a guernsey on him to the penitent form, and he went home in uniform.

Adj. and Mrs. Bradley have commenced cottage meetings, and they report five souls for salvation. Cornwall comrades meet victory.

Montreal I.

A half-night of prayer had been announced for Tuesday night. It was well attended and finished up grandly with eight souls out for the blessing of entire sanctification and one for pardon. Before we closed they all gave witness that they had received what they came for.

Amongst those who attended the half-night were the following: Major Stewart, Staff-Capt. Rawling and Buditt, Adj. Robert, Capt. McIntyre, Cheley, Brazor, Lowry, and Lieut. Tuck. It truly was a time never to be forgotten and a rich spiritual feast.

Montreal II.

Brigadier Bennett and Staff-Captain Itaville did a Sunday's meetings at this corps. The officers and soldiers worked hard. All the meetings were good, and at night two souls sought and found salvation. We are expecting great things of Montreal during the Siege. Capt. McIntyre and Lieut. Tuck are in charge, and our faith runs high.

We are continually getting reports which speak of great victories. At Barre recently 14 souls were saved in one day, and there is the sign of an abundance of souls.—H. B.

Jubilant Jottings.

By STAFF-CAPT. MANTON.

SAVED? I am saved, body, soul, and spirit—right from head to foot, up to date. Hallelujah! A.A.A.

FIGURES? I am figuring from morning till night, so that I can seriously see anything but figures; but that's all right, I feel very happy in my work on the statistics in the G. S. Department. A.A.A.

DRY? Not a bit of it. Mellow as marrow, regular office work. Sticking to it all day has not dried me up, and I don't mean to let it. Thank God, He keeps me mellow! A.A.A.

While with Brigadier Complin at Geoph. I was billeted at an old comrade's, Bill D—, and I had a good chance to meet directly with him about his soul. He melted like a child and made a full surrender. I have had once or two letters from him since, the following is an extract:

"Just as I line to say I have got a complete victory from the Sunday I did my duty. God has never ceased to fill my soul. Believe on the living at the cross, to do or die for Jesus."

My burning desire is that God will help me to pick up the stragglers. O pray

are just hungering and thirsting for love and sympathy. Let us fill up and give out. A.A.A.

Let us keep huddling—nothing one without another. The devil is huddling in the taverns, in the hell holes of sin. What are we doing? Let us improve every opportunity.

"Stand like the brave, With thy face to the foe."

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE KOOTENAY.

(Continued.)

NELSON was our destination for the next night's meeting, where several locals and bandmen were to be commissioned, and six more recruits were enrolled beneath the flag of Blood and Fire.

Adj. Edgecombe, the District Officer for the Kootenay District, was on hand to meet us at the summit. Our evening's meeting was a fine affair and did all good. Adj. Edgecombe has certainly got a splendid hold of Nelson, and is much loved by his people, while Lieut. Brown is doing all he can to strengthen the hands of the Adjutant. The Rev. Mr. Frew, who entertained us, was kindness itself.

Nelson is rapidly coming into prominence as the supply point for the Kootenay District. It already has several wholesale houses and the retail stores compare favorably with those located in larger cities.

Direct connection is now made from Nelson to the East over the Crow's Nest Pass route, for both passengers and freight.

A run of 45 miles the next day on the Kootenay River and Lake, brings us to Kaslo. We had to break the ice all the way up the river by pushing a large abutment of the steamer, which caused us considerable delay, and as a result we arrived in Kaslo in time to hear the benediction. The Chanoille, however, had a short meeting with the soldiers.

A run back the next day to Nelson, on our way to Revelstoke, was taken in order to avoid a layover of a day at Sandon, and run the risk of meeting a slide or being snowed up.

Our trip of 135 miles from Nelson to Revelstoke was a very monotonous affair. The lower portion of Arrowhead Lake being frozen up by the severe cold, we had to go by a round about way, necessitating no less than five changes in the above distance.

The Salvation Army has done a splendid work in Revelstoke during the first year of its labors. 21 bona fide names have been placed on the permanent roll, some more recruits are on the way, and the future is bright for a successful future. One who was well attended, some more locals were commissioned and a soldiers' meeting held after the public one.

Capt. Fisher has just taken command. They have secured in their first Corps. Revelstoke is becoming a very busy town, and growing rapidly.

(To be continued.)

God Healed Him.

A short time ago I was afflicted with a partial paralysis of the right arm. It had become so powerless that I was only with great difficulty I could convey my food to my mouth with it. I could hardly raise the striping and ornamenting pencils at my work in the factory, for the numbness and dexterity of my fingers had departed from me, and my affliction was gradually progressing to powerlessness. I came to the conclusion that if there was not something done to stay its progress, or effect a cure, I would be an invalid very soon.

Having no friends in my own skill for cases of this kind, I decided to make the matter a subject of special prayer. I fervently desired what I prayed for, and thank God He is a just rewarder of those who diligently seek Him, for ever since then (some weeks ago) I have experienced no inconvenience in my arm whatever. I can truly exclaim in the language of the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord Who forgives all their iniquities, Who healeth all thy diseases!"—Walter Scott, Geoph.

The brave man thinks of himself last of all.



The Siege Rages - Enemy Defeated - 112 Prisoners Made by 29 Corps.

Fangel Falls.

A good soul-saving work has broken out here. One soul converted while visiting on Tuesday. Seven in Saturday night's meeting, two more on Sunday, making ten for the week. Juniors just had an outing to Lindsay. Splendid time.

Yorkville.

Splendid week-end. Three souls on Saturday night, and one on Sunday. "Rebels" a decided success. Crowds the best yet. Several strangers noticed in the meetings. Juniors' week has gone well.

Montreal II.

Wednesday night Major Stewart and the League of Mercy sisters, led by Mrs. Symington, held a musical meeting at the Point. We had a good march and a fine meeting. Friday night one brother came to God and got saved.—W. G., R.C.

Piton.

Glorious times. Soldiers all on fire. Last Saturday the Free Methodists joined with us. Did you ever see a crowd? The barracks was gorged to excess and crowds were turned away. Oh, it was a glorious meeting. One drunk gave up a bottle of spirits at the platform, and another threw away. Everybody very kind, especially the boys. God bless them! One backslider returned. Glory to God! Cottage meeting on Monday such a glorious time.—Sims and Norman, C. O's.

Perth.

We are having beautiful meetings here. Three souls captured for the Siege, and more to follow. Hallelujah! Tobacco, cigars and liquor thrown away. Everybody very kind, especially the boys. God bless them! Best of all, they are getting saved.—M. Brown, Capt.

Port Hope.

Sunday, blessed day to our souls, from knee-drill to the finish up at night. Praise God, prodigals came home—one in the afternoon and one at night. God bless them!—Annie, Cor.

Collingwood.

On Thursday night we had a topical meeting, with a lecture by Bro. Munnice on "Shining Lights," which was very inspiring. Closed with two souls for God. Sunday morning, wonderful time. Three out for salvation and one for ex-communicating. Among the number was an ex-Captain. Sunday night, barracks filled to the doors. Wonderful time of power, with one out for salvation, and two backsliders came back to the fold, making seven in all for the day.—Willie Clark, R. C.

Houlton.

Most glorious times all day Sunday. At night two backsliders came back to the fold. We had a march round the barracks. We will have big times at this corps yet.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

Lugar St.

Praise God for continual victory! Two young women decided for God the other Sunday night. Many blessings and many lessons too, have been meted out to us during the Children's Week. Praise God! More to follow.—Mrs. Stickells.

Bracebridge.

Sunday, Feb. 12th, was a high day to this corps. In the afternoon, children on the Senior platform. The children answered well to the questions given

them by the J. S. Secretary. At night a good crowd gathered for the farewell of Cand. Calvert. One soul in the Fountain. Tuesday night the corps had a nice tea together. It was a most enjoyable time, and all afresh pledged ourselves to be true to God. We will miss Bro. Calvert very much, not only to boom the Cry (though it often did mean denying himself of a meeting), but in many other ways as a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ.—Adjt. Scurr.

Spokane Shelter.

Just a line to let you know that we are still in the war. Last Sunday night in our meeting at the Shelter two souls sought and found the Saviour. We give God all the glory.—Geo. A. Dodd, Adjt.

Ditawa.

Sunday was one of the grandest days we have had for a long time. From knee-drill until evening it was victory all along. A real spiritual cyclone. Precious souls realized God's power to save. All glory we give to God. By faith we conquer.—A. French.

Brookville.

The Siege is progressing in Brookville and Victory shall be ours. Since last report three souls have sought salvation. Brookville has been a hard nut to crack, but God is helping us to crack it. Our prayer is that God will raise up a great band of Blood-and-Fire warriors to push the salvation war in this town.—R. Fuxtable, W. Butcher, C. O's.

Brantford.

The battle is still raging in Brantford, and we are gaining ground. Three prisoners have been taken during the past week. And we are close on some more who shall soon be captured and go singing the song with us, "His Blood can make the foulest clean."—T. Cooles, Adjt.

Ingersoll.

Beautiful dedication service of infant child of Bro. and Sister Simmons. God bless Albert Alfred Simmons! May he be a proper Blood-and-Fire salvation warrior bye-and-bye. Mother expressed

hope that her boy would be a Captain some day. That's the spirit. Good week's fighting. Converts pronounced knee-drill the best meeting of the week. The Holy Ghost fire is burning. Glory! Two souls in the Fountain.—Reg. Cor. M. Kennedy.

Millbrook.

The Siege! The Siege! First shot fired on our outpost (Manse). Glorious victory for King Jesus, and four souls captured, one a Junior. General Gipple is doing his best to defeat us, taking from the front of the fight some of our oldest and best soldiers. God bless them! We are believing to see them to the front before long. We go in united to make this Siege the best yet.—Albert.

Carberry.

Siege target O. K. Since last report we have seen victory in Carberry. Three souls at the feet of Jesus. Interest growing. Cottage meetings a great success. The power of God manifested.—Lieut. N. G. Halsten.

Palmerston.

The weather was very cold on Sunday night, but thank God, we had the fire of the Holy Spirit burning in our hearts. Three souls got saved. Last night at the cottage meeting we had the joy of seeing another soul come to Jesus. All glory be to God.

Trenton.

We had a visit from our Bishop, also the converted Frenchman. Had a good time. Say, he can talk! We all say, "Come again, Bishop Blackburn." On Saturday night we had our new G.B.M. Agent with his lantern and talking machine. He was with us all day Sunday. One soul came and gave herself up to God. Another came yesterday afternoon, making a total of four since we came to this place. We are in for victory.—Lieut. Carter for Capt. Crego.

Glouce B. C.

I wonder if your readers know there is an Army corps away down in Glouce B. C.? If they get all their information from the War Cry, I am afraid they don't know much about us. Since last there was a report from G. B. we have had a change of officers. Ensign and Mrs. Larder have taken hold of the corps, and not only the corps, but the people as well. Ensign is an all-round

man and a general favorite, although only two months in the place. Since the Siege began four souls have found the Saviour—two backsliders and two new cases. One case is a little out of the ordinary. She is a young woman (Sergeant's sister) and that night she left the meeting, walked up street, then returned to the barracks and walked right out to the penitent form. Now, Mr. Editor, we are going in for big times, and if you will print this I will tell you more about them. We are going to one or two new half-shorts, and we are going to have a half-night of prayer, and God has been blessing us. In the past week. By the way, we had two out on Sunday, both for the blessing of a clean heart.—Drummer.

Summerside.

Summerside is alright, for God is with us. Soldiers are going in for more of His power. They are an earnest little band and have taken the Siege to heart. One man, a sea captain, came to the Mercy Seat under the influence of liquor. God met him and set him free. Since the Siege began we have had the joy of seeing seven precious souls crying to God for Pardon, and still there is more to follow.—Ensign Al. Larder, and Cand. Long.

Kaslo.

We have said good-bye to Capt. McKelgan. We are sorry to lose her, but believe "all things work together for good to those who love God." Glad to report that one young man sought and found Jesus.—A. Langill, Lieut.

Lethbridge.

God has been blessing up. In the past week five souls in the Fountain. Hallelujah! God bless our baby corps!—Bert Reynolds, R. C.

Emerson.

Since last report God has been working in our midst. And we are rejoicing over the people now for salvation, and two backsliders returning to the fold. In hallelujah!—Capt. Herringshaw.

Gravesend.

Praise God, we are still having victory. Good meetings all through the week, and on Sunday we had two more souls in the Fountain. Victory is ours. Hallelujah!—J. R., for R. C.

Aurora.

Praise God! A break has come at last, and two precious souls have won their way to the feet of Jesus. The fight has been very hard, but God is answering prayer, for which we give Him all the glory.—Lieut. Tytus.

Holena.

Our new officers have taken up the work where it was laid down by those who have gone before. Glorious meetings all day Sunday, with six souls out for pardon. Hallelujah! Adjt. Walton has travelled from the Rescue Home. The prayers and good wishes of comrades and friends go with her. The soldiers' tent on Tuesday night was well attended. God abundantly bless those who labored so faithfully and earnestly to make it a success. We are going on to still greater victories here in Helena.—E. H. Wickersham.

Revelstoke.

We have Capt. Fisher and Lieut. Morris with us now, as successors to Capt. Gooding and Cndt Floyd. God is giving us glorious times, in spite of cold snaps and snow storms. On Sunday night our meeting was one that will rest long upon the minds of the people in Revelstoke. At the close of the meeting one poor backslider came home to Zion. Soon another followed, then the third, then a sister, another brother, then a sister, with another brother following. Seven crying to God for mercy. Praise God! Victory will come. They all found Jesus.—Bro. C. Willis.

THIS WAS THE TARGET WHICH WE BEGAN THE SIEGE.

During the Siege of 1899, from Jan. 29th to April 3rd, the following shall be God's Grace be accomplished throughout this Territory:—

- 3500 Prisoners of Sin Set Free;
- 500 Wandering Backsliders Reclaimed;
- 300 Drunkards and other Notorious Sinners Converted;
- 1000 New Soldiers Enlisted for the King of Kings;
- 200 Candidates for Officership in the Salvation Army Secured;
- 400 Increase of Knee-Drillers to Besiege the Throne of Grace;
- 12000 Increase in Weekly Attendance at Army Meetings;
- 1000 Increase in Attendance of Children;
- 700 New Band of Love Members made;
- 1000 Junior Soldier, Enrolled.

How far have YOU helped to hit it?

The Field Commissioner in Newfoundland.

(Continued from page 9.)

thought that St. Johns held not enough crowds for the two attractions! But away with supposing. Before the Commissioner landed in the city at all, close on a thousand tickets at 20 and 10 cents each had been sold, and his reception, meeting, and nearly an hour before the meeting commenced the British Hall was jammed to the doors. "What a platform that was," remembers the Commissioner. It was indeed an inspiring sight, crammed to the roof with uniformed warriors, who jumped to their feet as their leader came up the aisle, and put all their voice and all their heart and all their soul in the meeting which followed was indescribable in its liberty, love and power.

Sunday's meetings were masterpieces. The Field Commissioner was in his element, and with soldiers whose every instinct was to follow and to follow to the death, victory was no surprise. The crowd in the afternoon was a representation of St. Johns' strength. Near the front sat Sir Robt. and Lady Thorburn, while there was hardly a grade of society or religious denomination unrepresented. The Commissioner spoke with authority, and evidently under no heavy sense of the burden of the eternal issues of the moment. Lover of the lost, as he always is, it seemed throughout the day that a special burden and passion for souls was laid upon him. Needless to say this spirit kindled like flame in the singularly responsive hearts of his troops. The prayer meeting was wonderful. "Narcissus" more than one song was sung that sacred verse, "Here I give my all to Thee"—sung as only Newfoundlanders can sing it with fervor and faith, and with an earnestness and fervor, while sinners from all over the building, and of every class and grade, came weeping to the Mercy Seat.

"They prayed, and their prayer was too late." The terrible words fell like arrows on the heads of that dense Sunday night throng. Sung as they were in accents of tender yearning by the Field Commissioner, they were the words of conviction to many a heart, and many a heart which listened. The crowd was immense, the meeting having had to commence long before the announced time on account of the late arrival of the speaker, yet the crowd sat as one man, and you could have heard a pin drop. The weight of conviction was positively painful, so tight was the tension of feeling. Then, having no concerting device, and taking up the Bible, the Commissioner followed up her song with one of the most God-prompted addresses of soul-searching truth that have ever been heard. The crowd shivered under her revelations and melted under her appeals. For three anxious minutes the prayer meeting was hard-it was as tight as the foot of a man in a strait jacket. A final effort for the capture of that God-called field, only to be speedily driven back, for here comes the first—a woman, right from the back of the hall, who runs up the aisle and falls on her knees calling, "Oh, ah—I am I too late?" After that stiffness was unknown. Sometimes over one hundred prayed as with one voice. "Oh, how they prayed," the Commissioner prayed for the sinners to come, and then prayed for them just as eagerly and earnestly when they had come. The Commissioner was in the thick of the prayer meeting on the little new platform amongst the halting—she brought five men, one after the other, to the Mercy Seat. The scenes at the pentent form the joyous, the agonizing, the prayer, the remembrance that cannot be told, indeed the whole meeting is as the Commissioner puts it for long influence and power. "Gladly the power of pen to describe." At what hour it closed we are not sure—nor with just what manifestations of holy joy in a melody of Hallelujahs, we gave God the glory for that day and fifty souls which had seen their soul to . . .

The police were vanquished. It is not often that the men in blue care to acknowledge it, but nobody blamed them for what was none of their business. The British Hall was jammed far beyond the limits of comfort if not of safety, the entrances blocked and the streets jammed with disappointed people, many offering their feet for standing room amongst them. Inside, the chairman, Rev. A. Robinson, had no easy task to make the well-chosen words of

his introduction audible. So cramped was the crowd that it seemed as if the meeting would have to be dismissed. The Commissioner told them that she feared such must be the case. There was an immediate cessation in the swaying and the shouting. Never has the story of the slums, as told by "Miss Booth in Baga," been told with greater effect—listened to with more breathless interest. Three gentlemen have since volunteered to pay the expenses of the Commissioner and party from Toronto and back, if she will give that address again, and guarantee the hall full at fifty cents a seat.

It remained a question as to whether that crowd ever would go. Even after the benediction they besought the singing of "God be with you till we meet again," which was sung with fervor and some tears at their waving farewell to the slight rag-clad figure of their beloved visitor and leader.

Corps Correspondence.

Napacoe.

God is saving here. Since the Sixe commenced souls are coming to God. Though the devil has a firm grip on some, yet he cannot keep the conquering Savior from breaking every chain.—M. W. and A. N.

Truro, N.S.

The light is tough, and we are not a bit discouraged, for God lives. We know His promises are true, and glory is sure. Watch the Cry.—D. Fancy, and A. Brown.

Victoria.

Welcome meeting to Adjt. Miller Saturday. Good turn out. Band to the front. We are all glad to have our new officers at last. We really thought they were lost, stolen, or strayed. They have lots of work ahead, putting the new barracks in shape. The whole building has been rented, so that quarters, barracks, band room and Junior hall are all together, quite central and lots of room. Sunday meeting very good. Quite a crowd at night. Adjt. Miller and Capt. Gooding led, assisted by Adjt. Barr, from the Shelter.—M. L.

Halifax.

The Lord is helping us in the Sixe. By present indications we predict a harvest of souls through this special effort. May the Lord make bare His saving arm, and make us whole-hearted in His service.—Trens. Cashin.

Toronto Lifeboat.

Last Sunday we were treated with a visit from Ensign N. Griffiths and Capt. Easton, both of the 1st Battalion. They were accompanied by the men. Capt. Easton read the lesson and spoke very forcibly upon the text, "Wilt thou be made whole?" Ensign Griffiths drew in the net. Bro. Zuercher and Sister Medlock came over from the Temple to help us. Come again, comrades.—Autoharp.

St. John Ill.

God has been wonderfully helping us. Converts doing well. The bazaar is prospering. We are looking forward to attending the meetings for years. Expecting great things from the hands of God.—Pub. Sergt.-Major.

Udridge.

Good meetings. Crowds and interest increasing. Soldiers encouraged and sinners convicted. "Achan up to date." Meeting Wednesday night. Sunday night we had a Russian Missionary. The Rev. Mr. Schurt Baptist gave a short address. Many convicted, but no one yielded.—M. L. R. C.

Norland.

Good crowds. War Crys all sold out. People wanted more. "Why are ye, comrades?"—Ed. We welcomed Lt. Orr, Young in our midst. While our officers were out visiting two men asked the Captain to pray for them.—Little Willie.

Revelstoke.

Big times. Staff-Capt. Turner with us Friday and Saturday to lead our meetings. His visit was much appreciated. On Friday he appointed and commissioned some local officers for the year. Bro. Adair as Treasurer, Bro. Coombs as Drum Sergeant, Bro. Munn as Junior Soldier Sergeant, Bro. Systester as Junior

Suddenly and without any due warning the Bruce saw fit to depart again, much to the Commissioner's sorrow, before she had privately met the soldiers at St. Johns. Going thus unexpectedly at short notice of would-be farewellers were disappointed, but all who heard in time were on the wharf, waving till the steamer was but a speck upon the ocean, though the rain fell in drenching torrents.

The return journey we will not participate in. It was a repetition of the out-going voyage, only with some aggravations. But if you ask the Field Commissioner, whose coming meant so much to these loyal, loving Newfoundlanders' hearts, and in whose own affections they hold so deep a place, she would tell you that whatever the cost, the crossings were well worth the while.

meeting, led by Adjt. Kerr. The hall was packed out. We could not seat any more in it. We had one sister snuggled in a soldier's—Pat.

Muskoka.

You have not heard from us for some time, but thanks be to God, we are still active. On Saturday we had with us Ensign Staigers. He led the meeting with a swing. Two precious souls found peace. Since the Siege began we have seen six weary souls made happy. We are fighting happy.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

With Brigadier Gaskin TO MUSKOKA.

Barrie.

A weekend spent at this corps is both profitable and enjoyable; so it proved to be to the writer. It does one good to meet the men who are fighting, and who have fought on through storm and cloud under the "Flag with the Fiery Star" year after year, and their unceasing devotion to the work of saving men is something of which one can only proudly boast. Of course, the "old folks" do not do all the fighting, there are quite a few energetic, go-ahead youngsters, several of whom are Candidates, who are at good part of the strife against sin and Satan.

The halldahs smile that wreath the faces of such warriors as Father McLaughlin, Father Miles, Trens, Stapleton, and others, who are truly contagious, more especially as they so often smile through tears of gladness, which light up the countenance, eloquently telling of the "life that now is, and that which is to come."

The meetings all day Sunday were real good. God was manifestly present in great power, especially afternoon and night.

Just as the first chorus was being sung in the prayer meeting on Sunday night, the fire bell rang and out rushed most of the audience, many wondering if their house or cottage had taken fire.

We held on for some some time, but the unsaved ones who remained would not yield. Monday night we had a banquet and special good, which was a success. The Provincial officer gave a most interesting and touching address, which was immensely enjoyed and was a great blessing, the hall being nearly full, although a church was made at the door. This corps is doing well under the leadership of Adjt. Cameron.

Orillia.

This corps is prospering. Several new soldiers have been enrolled and things are decidedly on the up-grade. Capt. Bowers and Lieut. Hunkinson are in charge. We had a splendid meeting, a fine crowd having gathered by the time we got in from the march, through the snowy, slippy streets. There is a bright future before Orillia.

Gravenhurst.

Capt. McCann and Lieut. Bone have been used of God in the salvation of souls, many of whom are doing well and will make good soldiers. We had a fine meeting here. The open-air and march was not largely attended, but we had a grand time inside. The P. O. had a grand time. The Siege and the individual responsibility of each soldier for the Kingdom's interest. A Bible reading followed the testimonies, which were led by the Captain. We closed at about 11 o'clock, with 8 souls knowing about it at the Mercy Seat seeking salvation and holiness.

Huntsville.

We left Gravenhurst at midnight, reaching Huntsville about 2:30 a. m. Capt. White and the Secretary met us at the station.

This corps has improved splendidly the last three months, under the leadership of Capt. White and Lieut. Meeks. Many souls have been saved, and a number of soldiers enrolled.

The P. O. work is going grandly, and the general work of the corps is progressing fine. The open-air and march was inspiring. The inside meeting was magnificent. Good crowds, great interest and great conviction. Four soldiers were enrolled.

Each corps visited shows an all-round improvement during the last three months.—A. G.

When you cease sinning, you will cease doubting also.

Form Sergeant, Bro. Rost Color Sergeant, Bro. McCullough Sergeant-Major, and Bro. Gooding good meeting. Come again, Captain, we like to see your face.—Bro. Willie.

Montreal I.

Thursday night had our young folks under the able leadership of their local officers, in charge of the meeting. A good crowd greeted them, who manifested a keen interest in the proceedings. Weekend meetings, first class. War Crys all sold out, and a clear chain recorded. Soldiers preparing for a grand united gathering. Bandmaster W. A. Smith, the happy possessor of a ten days' added to the bandmen's families. (Young month organ band, we presume.—Ed.)—Negus.

Rosland.

Times of victory and power in the Golden City of the West. Sinners coming to Jesus. Hallelujah! Ensign Iester and Lieut. Gann on deck. On Saturday and Sunday had Staff-Capt. Turner with us in the night direction. Sunday night enrolled six recruits to fight under the Yellow, Red and Blue. The economy of enrolment was very impressive, and saint and sinner alike felt impressed with the saving arm of the Staff-Captain. The Staff-Captain is always welcome to Rosland. Come again.—D. McDougall for Ensign V. Lester.

Summerside.

Our new District Officer, Ensign J. K. Miller, was with us for the weekend. Although the weather was extremely cold, still we had good crowds. Things are brightening up at the Staff-Captain. During the past two weeks our hearts have rejoiced in seeing souls seeking the Saviour.—Nettie Gamble.

Stommes.

Our big times are not over yet. We had one on Friday night, when Adjt. and Mrs. Wiggins arrived, with Capt. Pearce and two loads of Juniors, from Lindsay. The children did well with their singing and prayers, and are not afraid to testify and pray. We had a real good time.—Reg. Cor.

Cobourg.

Since our arrival here we have had a visit from the D. O., Adjt. Blackburn and wife, also the Hallelujah Frenchman, from Montreal. Everybody stood to see them again. We are working and praying, and we believe that God is blessing to reward our faith.—Maud McFarlane, for Capt. Stainforth.

Sudbury.

When the S. A. first came to Sudbury, nearly four years ago, an individual wrote to our officers to say that if they did not leave town that they would lead them to "kingdom come." I guess our brother has changed his mind, as the Army is here yet, and many souls' feet are being snatched and lives of sin changed to lives of righteousness. We are here to stay.—Cand. N. R. Tri-ky.

Fairville, N.B.

Last Monday attended the officers of the District. We had a little council. God came near and blessed us, and at night we had a great united

Anxiety and Faith.

I.

Anxiety has its centre in the creature, but faith has its centre in God.

Reason is the parent of anxiety, for when reason does not act under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, it invariably leads to distrust of some kind. Reason looks at the creature, at friends or foes, and circumstances, and probabilities, and seeing only the realm of the natural it can never produce perfect confidence.

Faith pierces through all creatures, and all circumstances, and fastens itself upon the infinite, universal God.

Faith is the eye of the human spirit looking at God; and in a lofty rapture, ignoring everything but God.

II.

Anxiety originates in the want of a fallen state, but faith has its origin in the fullness of the provisions of God.

Reason sees only the chances of human life, and the thousands of instances where these chances are not supplied. This creates anxiety.

Faith goes out from the creature and looks upon the fullness of God; it searches into His inexhaustible fullness to supply His creatures, and this inter-jects vision of the fullness of God destroys anxiety.

III.

Anxiety is bounded by the vision of the natural parents and it attacked to those around it, but faith has a wonderful expansiveness to it, and is attached to God's will wherever that will may be found anywhere in the universe.

Anxiety is near-sighted, but faith has a telescopic vision and sees things afar off, and looks at passing events from the standpoint of eternity.

IV.

Anxiety is always changing its objects, but faith has no change of objects, and its only change is to increase and intensify. Human reason, which is the instrument of anxiety, fixes its hopes first on this person, then on that; first on this prospect, then on that, and so through life the mind never reaches a solid repose.

Faith has got down through the shifting sands on the earth's surface, and is anchored in the perennial rock of God and His word.

V.

Anxiety, resulting from various reasonings, is always manifold and complex, and divided into many forms and things, but faith is united and simple. Human reason is constantly making excursions into things curious, its experiments under the deceitful pretence of finding the truth, but in the end only produces a feverish state of the heart.

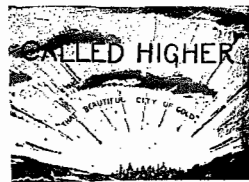
Perfect faith in God is a miracle of simplicity and reduces all things to life to a state of simplicity; the labors of such a soul move in straight lines under the dominion of a supernatural and simple faith, which in everything slings the complex and sees for the plain and transparent. Perfect faith in God has a sweet satisfaction in it; it drinks eternally from the sun-bright fountains of God Himself, through the person of Christ and by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. The soul that in perfect faith gazes on the ocean of God is kept from uneasiness and inward distress of heart, for it lives where it sees in God and not on the appearance of things.

VI.

The principle of reason is always struggling to achieve results, but the principle of faith accomplishes the greatest results by harmonizing with God and working through Him.

Not only are unsaved people full of anxiety, but great multitudes who are serving God and whose reason to take the place of faith; but when they are tried in the fire, or ground to powder, there is hardly an ounce of faith found to a ton of rubbish of reasonings and doubts. Pure faith, that leads into God, seeks only His will, regardless of apparent success or failure, achieves things in a divine way, and in the divine time, free from anxieties and the ardu-

ous struggles of the natural mind. Perfect faith sees God in a failure, or smash up, where other people regard as everything as a total wreck. Thus all through life anxiety sprouts from the creature and makes its name in human reason and calculations, but faith springs up in union with God, anchors fast to the eternal will, feeds itself on God's unchanging love, keeps tranquil in the hidden presence of God, has no interest in the outcome of anything except the interest of God, and seeks in all things to be one with Jesus Christ, and in that union anxiety can find no foothold.—G. D. Watson.



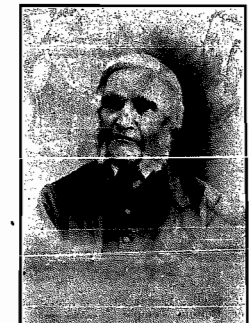
"FOREVER WITH THE LORD."

With sorrowful hearts we chronicle the death of the infant and only child of Brandon Harry and Mrs. Neegs, after a brief illness. God, in His infinite wisdom, has taken the little and of earth to bloom in heaven. We heartily sympathize with Bro. and Sister Neegs in their sad bereavement. We believe that all things work together for good to those who love God; and may the loss of their darling child be the means of drawing their hearts out after God, than ever to do His will.—Treas. Cashin, Halifax.

FROM PARIS TO GLORY.

Father Axton has Gone to Realms Above.

Father's gone to Glory, fighting is done; He has fought the battle faithful and the victory won; Once an Army soldier filled with Jesus' love; But his fighting's ended and now dwells above.



Again we have to report the sad news of the death of another comrade and soldier who has fallen in the battlefield. Our dear comrade entered the Salvation Army fourteen years ago, when the Army first started in Paris. He was one of the first soldiers, Capt. Churchill being then in command. Before entering the Salvation Army our comrade was highly respected, but was not satisfied with his experience. He was put to the test by being asked if he was willing to be spit upon for Jesus' sake. He hesitated and found he had not the spirit to do it. The light was revealed to him and he went out for a clean heart. God met with him and gave him that spirit which he sought for, and has retained it ever since. He fought in the dark days, when the Army here was persecuted, when our Editor, Brigadier Friedrich, was stationed here as a Cadet. He was also one of the number who stood their ground when Capt. Todd was sent to jail. He was a model Salvationist, and an alumnus at his countenance, and sensitive to every heart. He is gone, but not forgotten. His place is vacant; who will fill it? On Sunday, Feb. 5th, he was at the meeting praising God and warning sinners to get right with God.

It was the last meeting we had together. He often said he would just like to slip away and be with Jesus. God granted him his wish on Feb. 15th. Just as the sun was going down in the West, he went outside for a walk, when his spirit took its flight to the God Who gave it.

He had no earthly struggle, But just like the close of day, His spirit from earth to heaven, Passed gently away.

Our comrade lived to the ripe old age of eighty-five. We gave him a real Army funeral. Adj. Combs, of Brantford, conducted the service at the barracks. A number of soldiers spoke of the high respect in which our comrade was held, also his good, consistent life. The people were brought face to face with death, and as the Adjutant spoke hearts were touched. We laid the remains of our dear comrade to rest in the Paris cemetery. The memorial service on Sunday night proved to be a blessing, for at the close one soul came to the Saviour and promised to be faithful to the end.—S. S.-M. Wm. McLaughlin, Reg. Cor.

HOW THE ARMY STRUCK REVELSTOKE

Early last spring I was working in the little railroad and mining town of Revelstoke, in the heart of the mountains of British Columbia, where Satan has his seat. Although Revelstoke boasted of four churches, yet Satan was in the roadway. It would have grieved the heart of a Christian worker to have seen the wickedness in the streets of Revelstoke, as I was turning from work, one small boy stopped and said, "Hello, stoke Herald, sir?" I bought a paper to see the news of the town, when a small item at the bottom of the column attracted my attention. It read as follows:

"The Salvation Army will open fire here on Saturday night."

I began to reflect on what I had heard and read about the Salvation Army. I could not understand the meaning of "open fire." I had heard some say they were the most excitable people ever seen, would dance around, clap their hands in fact, make regular fools of themselves.

At this time I was not partial to Christianity. I was accustomed to curse God and take His name in vain. At last our curiosity was satisfied somewhat as one evening we stood on the platform of the station and saw two girls and an elderly woman, wearing great, wide bouffant like coal-seam hats, and with light and elastic step, proceeded to look after their baggage.

As they moved about we closely watched their actions, almost thinking they were different to other folks. Soon after they began to hold meetings in a dance hall in the wickedest part of the town, and I attended their meetings for some time. One night in one of their meetings, God's Spirit took hold of me, and made my way to the front. I rose that night a new man in Christ Jesus.

I was the seventh victim of the S. A. We no longer wonder at the Army. The good they have done here has cleared the doubts of people. In fact, we are having glorious times. God has wonderfully blessed the girls that wear the coal-seam bouffant.

Now we stand a strong Army for Jesus Christ, only ten months old, with 21 enrolled soldiers and 16 recruits, comprising desperate drunkards, gamblers, morphine fiends, infidels, Swedes, Danes, Irish, Scotch, English and Americans. And so the Salvation Army is marching along.—Bro. Willis.

G. B. M. Appointments.

ENGLISH PERRY.—Waterville, Mar. 7; Lansing, 8; Kentville, 9.

ENGLISH ANDREWS.—Stobie, March 8; North Bay, 9; Burk's Falls, 10; Brockbridge, 11, 12; Parkerville, 13; Colwell, 14; Midland, 15; Collingwood, 16, 17; Menaford, 18, 19.

ENGLISH STAIGERS.—Great Falls, March 8, 9, 10; Belt, 11, 12, 13; Kallisp, 15, 16; Lewiston, 18, 19, 20; Spokane, 21.

ENGLISH COLLIER.—Brantford, March 8, 9; Simcoe, 10; Tilsonburg, 11, 12; Norwich, 13, 14; Woodstock, 15; Ingersoll, 16, 17; London, 18, 19, 20.

ENGLISH PARKER.—Gunnawake, March 9, 10; Brockville, 11, 12; Prescott, 13, 14; Morrisburg, 15, 16; Cornwall, 17, 18, 19; Montreal, 20.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, provided they are as possible, and wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangelist B. 16, Albert St. Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they have any new information about persons absent.

First Insertion.

3330. ALEX. McQUARRIE. Age 61, height 5 ft. 7 in., dark hair. Left Manitoba, Cape Breton 20 years ago. Last heard of in Texas.

3330. DONALD McQUARRIE. Age 61, height 5 ft. 7 in., light hair. Left Manitoba, Cape Breton 20 years ago. Last heard of in California. Has not been heard from since.

3331. ABLE ORCHARD BUTTLE. Dark hair and eyes, medium height. Teeth not very regular, slight scar over one eye. Was born in 1817, in Uxterton and Richmond, Quebec, about 1890 or 1891. Friends most anxious. Address S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3332. MIRIAM McCARTHY. Age 61, height 5 ft. 5 in., blue eyes, delicate looking, grey hair and round-shouldered. Left Toronto Jan. 17th, 1890. Talked of going to Barrie or Peterboro, but may have gone to Michigan. His wife anxiously inquires. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

3333. HENRY STEVENSON. Age about 25, red hair, fair complexion. When last heard of, three years ago, was employed by W. R. Seeman & Co. Winipeg. His mother anxiously inquires.

3334. GEORGE RINGER. Age 37, height 6 ft., dark complexion. Formerly in the 60th Rifles. Left the service in 1871. Squawped at three working in London, Ont. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

3335. ROBERT LEESON PORTER. Age 50, height 5 ft. 9 in., dark hair and eyes, lost half of one finger on right hand. Native of Ireland. Has been in the United States. Last heard of about 9 years ago at Ayrview, Ont. Brother anxiously inquires. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

NOTICE!—We do not put notices in this Column unless the inquirer gives full name and address. We don't know who E. B. is, or where he lives.

Second Insertion.

3324. WILLIAM J. DICKENS. Age 35, tall, fair complexion. Moulder by trade. Last heard of 11 years ago in Toronto. Out Brother mother very anxious to get some news. Address S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3325. REUBEN H. MILLER. Age 23, height 5 ft. 9 in., fair complexion. Left Snult Ste. Marie, Michigan, about March 1, 1890, for Edouard, Superior District. Has not been heard of since. Brothers very anxious. Address S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

The Heart-Cry of Jesus.

By BYRON J. REES.

M. W. Knapp, Revivalist Office, Cleveland, O., 50 Cents.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.—Dedication. Introduction. Preface. Contents. Christ's Prayer, Chapter I.—A Word in the Prayer, Chapter II.—Sun Chapter III.—Those for Whom Christ Prayed, Chapter IV.—Christ's Prayer Answered, Chapter V.—Christian Unity, Chapter VI.—Poorlessness, Chapter VII.—Responsiveness, Chapter VIII.—Soul-Rest, Chapter IX.—Prayerfulness, Chapter X.—Success, Chapter XI.—Christliness of Life.

From the great literary output of weak, colorless and over-worked books, the above stands out in strong contrast. It is written refreshingly, direct and plain, and thoroughly sound in its teaching of true holiness of heart and life. There is too much high-faluting thesaurus in many publications classed as holiness literature, but the "Heart-Cry of Jesus" keeps down to the level of the average reader, rightly remembering that holiness is not the privilege of educated people, but within reach of every saved soul.

Hustlers' Rendezvous.

A RAMPANT REVOLUTION!

Brigadier Gaskin Does Himself Proud!

Greatest Event in the History of the Hustling Column.

Are We Entering on a New Era of Prosperity?

SCENE: Hustlers' office. First floor Temple. West side. Strong smell of scissors, paste and boomer's reports from all over. Bottle of smelting-salts near by in case of emergency. Enter Major Hargrave, of the C. O. P. With the unguarded statement that the Central will have over 100 boomers this week! Collapse of Hustlers' Man! Broad grin on ye Editor's face! Broader grin on ye Chancellor Hargrave's face! Intense excitement and fervid use of ye afore-said smelting-bottle by all concerned! Congratulations, hand shakes all ill! General good feeling, and all the rest!

The most casual glance at our columns this week will reveal the startling fact that the once discouraged Nigger has at last got over that tired feeling, adopted a 214 gait, and shown her heels to the astonished world! My heart swells with pride when I raminate on the character of the very horse to which I am now indebted for the present jubilation. Many apologies, Nigger!



Major Southall, for whom the sympathy of the entire Field is requested, would have done well to have listened to the private advice offered him last week in paragraph 3 of Hustlers' Notes. Let us hope that he will recover speedily and "wheer his spurs" once more. See the makeshift spurs at present in use on his entree on this week!

Be our cartoon. A careful study will amply repay itself. All our Provincial Officers are shown, and the Field can see at a glance their relative position. Is Major Southall able to out Brigadier Gaskin from his enviable sit? Will P. O. Howell some day mount his gallant steed and hand an illustrious name down to posterity? When will P. O. Bennett shine as a "star" for aye and aye? And will Brigadier Pugnare ever exchange his halo of tin and tallow sandals for a laurel wreath? Is P. O. McMillan able to get there by an easy route, and how does P. O. Sharp expect to be eventually placed among the winners? These are momentous issues and demand our most reverential respect and calculation.

Will all correspondents please try and send in their names written distinctly. I am a pretty fair scholar, thanks to the earnest efforts of my teacher, but often I get rather discouraged in the attempt to decipher a few names.

When tempted to neglect the Cry, And boom away no more, Remember on you've an eye, And boom away galore.

The above poetry is not copyrighted. It is merely an humble effort to help you when down-hearted.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

101 Hustlers.	
Capt. Wilson, Collingwood	94
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	90
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton	78
Ensign Goff, St. Catharines	78



GASKIN IN POSSESSION OF THE MILL.

Sister Medlock, Temple	75
Adj. Cameron, Barrie	75
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	70
Sister Pearce, Temple	62
Ensign Smith, Owen Sound	60
Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Brampton	50
Cadet Almark, Richmond St.	56
Lieut. Liddard, Collingwood	54
Sergt-Major Bowler, Ligar St.	53
Cadet Goldberg, Owen Sound	53
Lieut. Donaldson, Dundas	50
Capt. Stephens, North Bay	50
Lieut. J. McLennan, North Bay	50
Bro. Case, Hamilton	50
Sister Currell, Temple	50
Sergt-Major Bradley, Temple	44
Sergt. Mrs. Bowers, Ligar St.	43
Bro. Dixon, Temple	40
Lieut. Edwards, Orangeville	40
Mrs. Adj. Wiggins, Lindsay	40
Capt. Bowers, Orillia	40
Lieut. Huskinson, Orillia	40
Capt. Sherwin, Sudbury	40
Lieut. Bond, Sudbury	40
Capt. Walsh, Hurville	40
Capt. Matthews, Bracebridge	37
Cand. Calvert, Bracebridge	36
Cadet Harman, Richmond St.	36
Cadet Ward, Richmond St.	35
Capt. Gammage, Little Current	35
Capt. Hart, West Toronto Junction	35
Capt. Bloss, West Toronto Junction	35
Ensign Wynn, Riverside	35
Sergt-Major Beall, St. Catharines	35
Sergt. Mr. Kane, St. Catharines	35
Sergt-Major Hunter, Newmarket	32
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville	30
Bro. Gray, Midland	30
Capt. J. Howers, Parry Sound	30
Lieut. M. Howcroft, Parry Sound	30
Capt. Darrach, Oshawa	30
Cadet Ringle, Lippincott	30
Capt. Brant, Faversham	30
Mrs. Pettor, Hamilton	30
Sister McQuig, Temple	30
Sister Locke, Temple	30
Sister Stacey, Temple	30
Adj. Wiggins, Lindsay	30
Capt. Pettor, Hamilton	30
Capt. Russell, Hamilton II	28
Chas. Goad, Social Farm	28
Cadet Kaye, Lippincott	28
Cadet Kitchin, Lippincott	27

Lieut. Cooper, Omeenee	27
Adj. Culbert, Omeenee	27
Adj. Scarr, Bracebridge	27
Cadet Smith, Lippincott	26
Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside	26
Capt. Cornish, Kinnmount	25
Mrs. Turner, Hamilton I.	25
Bro. Young, Temple	25
Capt. Wiseman, Brooklin	25
Lieut. Dales, Oshawa	25
Capt. Barker, Oshawa	25
Sister Durling, Yorkville	24
Sergt. Stevens, Riverside	24
Capt. McDougall, Ligar St.	24
Capt. O'Neil, Fencelon Falls	23
Lieut. Kivell, Owen Sound	23
Cand. A. Stickle, Ligar St.	23
Mrs. Capt. Williams, Newmarket	23
Lieut. Young, Kinnmount	22
Capt. Hanna, Brampton	22
Lieut. Craig, Meaford	22
Capt. Rennie, Meaford	22
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I.	22
Cadet Yeomans, Lippincott	22
Cadet Calvert, Richmond St.	21
Sister H. Daniels, Hamilton I.	21
Lieut. Titus, Aurora	21
Father Curry, Hamilton II	21
Mrs. Smith, Aurora	20
Capt. W. White, Hamilton I.	20
Lieut. Hunter, Richmond St.	20
Capt. Slater, Abmie Harbor	20
Mrs. Kennedy, Newmarket	20



Sergt. Shelly, Ligar St.	20
Sister Bolton, Temple	20
Capt. Rose, Dovercourt	20
Sister Price, Dovercourt	20
Capt. Mainland, Oakville	20
Lieut. Crespo, Hamilton	20
Lieut. Wadge, Uxbridge	20
William Thompson, Sudbury	20
Lieut. Meeks, Huntsville	20
Mrs. Capt. McLellan, Midland	20
Lieut. Marshall, Faversham	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

86 Hustlers.	
CAPT. HELLMAN, Brantford	270
MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock	270
LIEUT. CARR, Windsor	107
ENSIGN SCOTT, Galt	111
Capt. Heister, Clinton	93
Sergt. E. McDougall, Goderich	90
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia	90
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham	84
Ensign Ottaway, Guelph	80
Capt. Haley, Guelph	80
Teas. Mrs. Churchill, Petrolia	70
Capt. Hollett, Strathroy	70
Lieut. Mumford, Sarnia	70
Capt. Slote, Hespeler	65
Lieut. Horwood, Seafarh	65
Capt. Clark, London	65
Sister Rutis, London	65
Sergt. Mary Allen, Mitchell	62
Lieut. Sitten, Dresden	62

Sister Daisy Bond, Wingham	55
Capt. Liston, Watford	51
Capt. Huntington, Tilsonburg	50
Capt. Bragge, Wyoming	50
Lieut. Burton, Strathroy	50
Sergt. Brindley, Goderich	50
Sergt. Schuster, Berlin	50
Lieut. Winters, Bothwell	50
Capt. Bonny, Bothwell	50
Cand. Carey, Ridgeway	48
Adj. McAmmond, London	46
Capt. Coe, Guelph	42
Sister Liebrook, Leamington	42
Lieut. Stickle, Forest	42
Capt. Howcroft, Forest	42
Sister Crafts, Chatham	40
Sergt. Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	40
Secretary McKenzie, Listowell	40
Sergt-Major Howlett, Petrolia	38
Capt. Freeman, Ingersoll	37
Sister Roblelad, Chatham	37
Sgt. Gifford, Simcoe	37
Ensign Orchard, Palmerston	37
Sergt-Major Mrs. Rock, Chatham	35
Sergt. Graham, Thamesville	35
Ensign McKenzie, Petrolia	35
Adj. McAmmond, London	35
Capt. Rees, Norwich	34
Mrs. Ensign McHarg, Windsor	34
See Harris, London	34
Bro. Palmer, London	32
Sister Passmore, Blenheim	31
Sister Maggie Clark, St. Thomas	30
Lieut. Frye, Clinton	32
Capt. Elmsary, St. Thomas	29
Sister Hiltz, Blenheim	28
Sister Pickle, Leamington	26
Sister Mrs. McGuinn, Blenheim	25
Lieut. Baird, Thorford	25
Sister Schmidt, Paris	25
Sister Jordan, Paris	25
Sister Crillius, Essex	25
Sister Stoddard, Essex	25
Bro. Christner, Dresden	25
Capt. McLeod, Wingham	25
Ensign McHarg, Windsor	25
Capt. Mathers, Norwich	24
Lieut. Thompson, Leamington	21
Sister Coppins, St. Thomas	21



Sister Hockings, St. Thomas	20
Sister McCaffery, Essex	20
Lieut. Gatzke, Essex	20
Sergt-Major Rose, Hespeler	20
Sergt. Deurling, Hespeler	20
Sergt. Broadwell, Kingsville	20
Sergt. Tamsley, Hespeler	20
Sister Mad Crocker, Seafarh	20
Sister Passmore, Ridgeway	20
Sister Newert, Listowell	20
Mrs. Ensign Wakefield, Petrolia	20
Mrs. Steele, Petrolia	20
Bro. Oke, Petrolia	20
Bro. Curry, Petrolia	20
Sister M. Pinnell, London	20
Gertie Cheeseman, London	20
Sister Broadman, Drayton	20
Lieut. Jordison, Tilbury	20

EAST ONTARIO AND QUEBEC PROVINCE.

85 Hustlers.	
CAPT. N. MCANNY, St. Johnsbury	182
CAPT. CONNORS, Ottawa	170
ADJ. GOODWIN, Ottawa	118
CAPT. FRANCH, Fergus	110
CAPT. WILLIAMS, St. Albans	103
LIEUT. SYMONDS, St. Albans	106
SERG. DUDLEY, Ottawa	104
LIEUT. WILLIAMS, Pembroke	104
MRS. BARBER, Burlington	100
S-M. PERKINS, Barre	100

FROM THE North and the South the East and the West THEY COME.



Let Us Hear what They Say:

MAJOR HORN,
Trade Dept.

Dear Major,—You have my best thanks for the prompt manner in which you got my latest suit out. The fit is excellent and leaves nothing to be desired. I must congratulate you and your staff.

Yours sincerely,
G. ATWELL,
Ensign.

NEW GLASGOW, N.S.

Dear Major,—Overcoat to hand. It fits beautiful, am well satisfied. God bless you.

Yours in Him,
ISRAEL FORSEY.

BRANDON, Jan. 27th, 1899.

TO TRADE SECRETARY,
Toronto.

Dear Sir,—Goods to hand a few days ago. Good fit, very well satisfied.

God bless you.
GEO. ELLIOTT,
Captain.

DEAR MAJOR HORN,

Have bought my clothing from Headquarters for the past seven years and take pleasure in saying that I have always been satisfied with the price, the material and the fit. My last suit came to hand promptly, and in a word it is "all right."

Yours affectionately,
J. ADAMS.

✕ If you want a SUIT that will ✕
FIT WELL, WEAR WELL, and LOOK WELL,

Send your Order to

THE TRADE SECRETARY,

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Sec. M. Pike, N. Sydney	31	Capt. Percusod, Nanaimo	60
M. Keating, N. Sydney	29	Lieut. Betts, Kamloops	60
J. C. Cuthbertson, Mouton	29	Lieut. Floyd, Missoula	52
Sergt. Smith, New Glasgow	28	Cadet. Haas, Lewiston	50
Lieut. McIvor, Halifax I.	27	Cadet Long, Lewiston	50
Carrie Courad, Halifax I.	25	Capt. Hagen, Belt	50
Blanche Ferguson, Halifax I.	25	Capt. Quat, Trail	45
Capt. Knight, Chatham	25	Capt. Fleetham, New Westminster	43
Capt. N. Knight, Chatham	25	Capt. Bailey, Missoula	42
Mother England, Chatham	25	James Prescott (12 years old) Trail	35
Mattie Taylor, Chatham	25	Capt. Miller, Dillon	33
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	25	Lieut. Tracey, Sheridan	32
Sister Place, Hamilton, Ber.	25	Sister Powell, New Whetcom	31
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	25	Capt. Krell, Nanaimo	30
Sister Place, Hamilton, Ber.	25	Mrs. Capt. Brown, Mt. Vernon	30
Lieut. Leadley, Kentville	23	Sister Berry, New Whetcom	20
Asa Crawford, St. John I.	22	Mrs. S. Crane, New Westminster	26
Francis Melvor, Dartmouth	22	Cadet Nesbitt, Dillon	24
Sergt. Tibb, St. John I.	21	Adjt. Hay, Butte	20
Lieut. Smith, St. John I.	21	Lieut. Shanley, New Whetcom	20
Sergt. Chandler, St. John I.	20	Sister Mann, Vancouver	20
Florence McEachern, St. John I.	20	Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	20
Sergt. Collins, Fredericton	20	Bro. Mosher, Vancouver	20
Mary Blanche, Halifax I.	20	Sister White, Nanaimo	20
Mrs. Small, Dartmouth	20		

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

38 Hostlers.

SISTER LEWIS, Victoria	156	Capt. Russell, Prince Albert	82
CADDER GREAVERT, Butte	125	Mrs. Quifre, Winnipeg	71
SISTER KENNEDY, Spokane	124	P. S. M. Parker, Brandon (No. 10).	70
NELLIE LITTLE, Victoria	105	Mrs. Wilkins, Port Arthur	67
MRS. ADJ. AXRE, Billings	100	P. S. M. Parker, Brandon (No. 20).	65
Capt. Meredith, Vancouver	91	Cadet Wilcox, Winnipeg	65
Ensign Babin, Vancouver	87	Capt. Brander, Grand Forks (No. 21)	63
Mrs. Cadet-Capt. Hooker, Wallace	75	Capt. Barranger, Prince Albert	63
Lieut. Morris, Revelstoke	70	Capt. Brander, Grand Forks (No. 22)	62
Lieut. Langill, Kaslo	70	Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	59
Sister Hardenbrook, Spokane	65	J. S. Sergt. Walks, Valley City	59
Cadet Smith, Spokane	65		
Lieut. Betts, Kamloops	60		

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

31 Hostlers.

Lieut. Russell, Prince Albert	82	Bro. Coolidge, Winnipeg	51
Mrs. Quifre, Winnipeg	71	Mrs. Knudson, Winnipeg	50
P. S. M. Parker, Brandon (No. 10).	70	Mrs. Capt. O'Neil, Oakes	47
Mrs. Wilkins, Port Arthur	67	Capt. Jarvis, Larimore	45
P. S. M. Parker, Brandon (No. 20).	65	Capt. Patterson, Fargo	45
Cadet Wilcox, Winnipeg	65	Lieut. Haugen, Edmonton	44
Capt. Brander, Grand Forks (No. 21)	63	Mary Chapman, Winnipeg	40
Capt. Barranger, Prince Albert	63	P. S. M. Parker, Brandon (No. 21).	35
Capt. Brander, Grand Forks (No. 22)	62	Lieut. Wick, Moose Jaw	31
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	59	Capt. Surco, Edmonton	31
J. S. Sergt. Walks, Valley City	59	Capt. Smith, Moose Jaw	30

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

8 Hostlers.

Sergt.-Major Chiles, St. Johns I.	50
Sergt. E. Clark, St. Johns I.	50
Sergt. Linton, St. Johns I.	50
Cadet W. Rindler, St. Johns I.	50
Cadet C. E. Chiles, St. Johns I.	50
Cadet Webber, St. Johns I.	25
Cadet Pollet, St. Johns I.	25
Capt. Barry, St. Johns I.	25



"Look here, Agnes, I bought this War Cry on the street, and it's the best I've ever read. There's a deal of good reading in it, and I'm going to subscribe for it myself and also for mother, who will enjoy this reading. There's no Army in her village."

FROM PRAGRANT BERNUDA.

ST. GEORGES, Ber.—On Monday night last our hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, the attraction being a lecture by Mrs. Field, of the W. C. T. U., of America. The Rev. E. Phillips, of the R. E. Church, introduced the speaker in a short, pointed speech. Mrs. Field's lecture was one long plea against intemperance. The lecturer quoted science and statistics to prove that alcohol and tobacco, in any shape or form, pollutes and destroys the body. In her closing remarks the speaker impressed on her hearers the necessity of seeking personal salvation, through our Lord Jesus Christ, as the only sure cure for alcoholism and its attendant evils. Mrs. Field was listened to with marked attention throughout the entire lecture. At the close of the lecture, Capt. Welch gave the usual veneration, although we saw no visible results. On Friday night Adjt. Matthews and her staff were with us. The Sergeants that were commissioned last year were re-commissioned, and also the Sergeants that were commissioned as Orderly Sergeants, and to judge by the applause with which they were greeted by the audience and platform, are well worthy of their position. Bro. Spurling and Coopers gave a most stirring address, telling out the old story of Jesus and His love.—W. G. D., Reg. Cor.

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR CURRENT LITERATURE?

We are still in need of books, magazines, and good periodicals for the "Home Reading Room" of our local League. The Field Commission will be grateful if friends and sympathizers with the work will send any contributions of this character to the following address:—
TOKYO.—Major Stewart, 616 Yonge St. [Ave. LONDON E. Ont.—St. Catharines Canal, River View St. MONTREAL.—Adjutant Holman, 243 St. Antoine St. HALIFAX, N. S.—Ensign Beckstead, 49 Hollis St. OTTAWA.—Adjutant McDonald, 72 Wellington St. ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—Ensign Torrell, 25 Cook St. SPOKANE, Wash.—Adj. Lester, 725 Fourth St. TRENTON, Mont.—Adj. Walton, 523 Brockington St. WINNIPEG Man.—Sister Major Jones, 490 Yonge St.

—ON TO—

MRS. BRIGADIER READ, ALBERT ST., TORONTO.

Adj. Bradley, Cornwall	90
Capt. Comstock, Iteafrew	82
Sergt.-Major Simmonds, Kingston	50
Ensign Staiger, Belleville	50
Adj. Dawson, Newport	75
Capt. Brown, Perth	70
Lieut. Liddell, Nanauque	70
Capt. Norman, Napawee	78
Capt. Green, Tweed	60
Lieut. Tuck, Montreal	65
Capt. M. Crozier, Montreal I.	65
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	61
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	60
Ensign Sims, Pictou	60
Lieut. Norman, Pictou	60
Adj. Ogilvie, Sherbrooke	59
Capt. Magee, Kemptville	55
Capt. Downey, Burlington	55
Capt. A. Oregio, Nanauque	55
Capt. Reid, Morrisburg	52
Lieut. Newell, Morrisburg	52
Sergt. Mrs. Stone, Lakefield	50
Lieut. McFarlane, Cobourg	50
Sergt. Michie, Montreal IV.	50
Capt. Sleeth, Prescott	49
Lieut. Hickman, Prescott	49
Capt. Bearchell, Deseronto	49
Capt. Banks, Quebec	46
Capt. McFadyen, Montreal I.	46
Ensign Kendall, Quebec	46
Capt. Grose, Brighton	46
Manah Darcy, Nanawee	46
Lydia Phelps, Pictou	46
Capt. Huxtable, Brockville	46
Bro. Webber, St. Albans	46
Sister Mrs. Miller, Newport	28
Capt. Vance, Belleville	28
Capt. R. Crego, Trenton	27
Lieut. Carter, Trenton	27
Capt. DeWitt, Millbrook	27
Lieut. Way, Annapolis	26
Capt. LaLonde, Sherbrooke	26
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	26
Adj. Blackburn, Port Hope	25
Lieut. Latimer, Odessa	25
Capt. Jones, Burlington	25
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV.	20
Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall	20
Capt. Brudley, Campbellford	20
Lieut. Hearnes, Barre	20
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Nellie Brown, Montreal I.	20
Sister Hess, Montreal I.	20
Mrs. Neupert, Peterboro	20
Lieut. O'Neil, Millbrook	20
Sergt. A. Downey, Kingston	20
Sergt.-Capt. Burditt, Montreal I.	20
Sergt. Mrs. Thompson, Kingston	20
Sergt.-Major Douglas, Cornwall	20
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	25
Capt. Findlay, Bloomfield	25
Capt. Nyland, Odessa	22
Mrs. Higners, Montreal I.	20
Ensign Verex, Montreal III.	20
Lieut. Tracey, Perth	20
Father Duquett, Trenton	20
Capt. Reddall, Kentfield	20
Mrs. Sturmy, Pictou	20
Sergt. Elery, Port Hope	20
Ida Fulford, Campbellford	20
Bro. Horsey, Barre	20
Mrs. Gahan, Peterboro	20
Capt. Owen, Sunbury	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

67 Hostlers.

MAGGIE GRAHAM, Halifax I.	169
SERG. FLOOD, Hamilton Ber.	154
SERG. FLOOD, Hamilton Ber.	150
ADJ. BROWN, New Glasgow	149
SERG.-MAJOR VENOT, Halifax II.	105
BRO. KELLY, St. Georges, Ber.	100
CAPT. G. THOMPSON, Campbell	100
SISTER E. WHITE, Oulton	100
Edith Taylor, St. Stephen	93
Lieut. Smith, Moncton	83
Ensign Wright, Bridgetown	82
Capt. Deuber, Fredericton	82
Cadet Leburn, St. John I.	81
Cand. Long, Summerside	73
Capt. Fancy, Truro	70
Sergt. Mrs. Olive, Carleton	65
Bro. McKay, New Glasgow	65
Lieut. Brown, Truro	60
Mrs. George Blackwood, Westville	60
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Capt. Sabine, St. Stephen	58
Capt. Davies, Bridgewater	48
Lizzie Lobans, Fredericton	45
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	45
Lieut. McPherson, Halifax I.	45
Cadet Truro, St. John I.	41
Lieut. Taylor, St. Stephen	41
Capt. J. W. Clark, N. Sydney	41
Cadet Smith, Fredericton	40
Sergt. Chislett, N. Sydney	40
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	40
Bro. Jones, St. Georges, Ber.	40
Ada Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	40
Sister Blakeney, Moncton	37
Sergt. J. Moore, Halifax I.	37
Cadet Prince, Fredericton	37
Capt. McDonald, Kentville	35
Ada Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	35
Sergt. Allen, St. John III.	33
Cadet Adams, St. John I.	33
Cadet Smith, St. Stephen	33
Lieut. Duncanson, New Glasgow	32



Here am I, Lord!

Tune.—I bring my all to Thee (B.J. 107).

1 Oft have I heard Thy tender voice
Calling, dear Lord, to me,
A-king a quick, yet lasting choice,
'Twixt worldly joys and Thee;
Stirring my heart's deep fountain
springs.

Breaking the barriers down:
Bidding me rise on faith's strong wings,
Crying, "No cross, no crown!"

Chorus.

I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord,
I bring my all to Thee,
I wish 'twere more, but all my store
I bring just now to Thee,
I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord,
I bring my all to Thee,
Thou wilt, I feel, Thy promise seal,
And give Thyself to me.

And yet, alas, a storm-tossed sea
Of care and doubt and fear,
Still parts me, Saviour, Lord, from Thee,
Although Thou art so near.
Oh, speak again and bid me come,
From every fear set free,
Over the self and sin and storm,
Over the waves to Thee.

Jesus, I dare to trust in Thee.
Who maketh all things new;
My sins to slay, my tears to stay,
My sorrows to subdue.
And in the battle's blazing heat,
When flesh and blood would quail,
I'll fight, and trust, and still repeat,
That Jesus cannot fail.

Second Chorus.

Over the waves to Thee, dear Lord,
Over the waves to Thee;
At last, at last, I come, I come,
Over the waves to Thee;
I know Thou canst not fail, dear Lord,
I know Thou canst not fail;
I trust my all at Thy dear call,
Jesus, Thou canst not fail.

I Will Not Let Thee Go!

Tunes.—Jesus, I will not let Thee go
(B.J. 57); Conference (B.J. 75); or,
If the cross (B.J. 53).

2 My God, I know that Thou art mine,
But, oh, when shall I be
That I shall be entirely Thine,
And find my all in Thee?

Chorus.

I will not let Thee go:
For Thou art mine,
And I am Thine;
I will not let Thee go:

Thou canst not dwell in any heart
Where doubtful things abide;
A heart where idols have a part
Thou canst not then reside.

'Tis this has kept me back so long,
From plunging in the flow;
I feared to follow all the way,
Or let my idols go.

But now with all my doubts I part,
And give myself to Thee;
Oh, come and purify my heart,
And set me fully free.

Wanted—Front Rank Fighters!

Tune.—Victory for me (B.J. 60).

3 To the front, the cry is ringing,
To the front, your place is there.
In the conflict men are wanted,
Men of hope, and faith, and prayer.
Selfish ends shall claim no right,
From the battle's post to take us,
Fear shall vanish in the fight,
For triumphant God shall make us.

Chorus.

No retreating, halt defending,
Shoulder to shoulder we stand,
God looks down and glory crowns
Our conquering band.
Victory for me,
Through the Blood of Christ my Saviour,
Victory for me,
Through the precious Blood.

To the front the fight is raging,
Christ's own banner lends the way,
Every power and thought engaging,
Might Divine shall be our stay.
We have heard the cry for help,
From the dying millions round us,
We've received the royal command,
From the dying Lord Who found us.

To the front, no more delaying,
Wounded spirits need your care;
To the front, the Lord obeying,
Stoop to help the dying there.
Broken hearts and blighted hopes,
Sieves of death and degradation,
Wait for these in love to bring,
Holy peace and liberation.

The Day of Judgment.

Tune.—You'll see the Great White Throne.

4 You'll see the Great White Throne,
And stand before it all alone,
Waiting for the King to call,
When the stars begin to fall!

Chorus.

My Lord, what a mourning!
When the stars begin to fall!

Before the Judgment Seat,
Your sentence will the King repeat:
Terror will you then enthrall,
When the stars begin to fall!

You'll see the King come forth
To judge the nations in His wrath!
Sinners to the rocks will call,
When the stars begin to fall!

You'll hear Him say, "Well done!"
To all who have the battle won;
Oh, that He may call us all,
When the stars begin to fall!

For Scotch Singers Only.

Tune.—Auld Lang Syne (Sacred hopes)
(B.J. 38).

5 Far fra me haume an' God I strayed,
Na cairn for the rich,
I sail'd the deil every day,
An' that wi' a' my might,

I wassan feared tae die the wrang
While sailin' in his ranks,
But really aye tae sing a song,
An' at his feet I braks.

(Last two lines of each verse for chorus.)

But a' nicht, juist twa years ago,
Ma chums brocht me the news,
That fowls ca'd "Hallelujah" cam',
Some said they had the blues,
Sae thoct that I wid gang an' see
What a' this wis about,
An' freens, an' glad that e'er I gaed,
For I got the deil turned out.

An' aye sin sym I haec been sae gled,
For Jesus Christ cam' in,
An' took the wicked he'rt awa'
Alang wi' a' my sin,
Noo come an' try Him for yersels,
Hoo kia ye bide awa',
Whao He is waitin' tae forgie,
An' wash ye white an' snaw.

Make a Joyful Noise.

Tunes.—Hallelujah to the Lamb (B.J. 91); Ella Rhea (B.J. 65); Lift up up the banner (B.B. 3); or, Bright crowns (B.J. 59).

6 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Chorus.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, Who died on
Mount Calvary;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Amen!

"Worthy the Lamb that died!" they cry,
"To be exalted this."
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,
"For He was slain for us!"

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power Divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him Who sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Poor Sinner, Come!

Tunes.—Blessed Jesus (B.J. 45); Turn to the Lord (B.J. 77); Hark, the voice (B.J. 1).

7 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power;
He is able, He is willing, doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you: 'Tis the Spirit's ris-
ing beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to
call.

Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies:
'Tis finished; sinner will not this
suffice?"

This Week's Solo.

Tune.—The anchor's weighed (S.M. 1.
33).

8 A voice fell softly from on high,
When I for sin was weeping sore;
"Lord, save me!" was my heart-felt
cry.

As loud I knocked at Mercy's door,
'Twas Jesus' voice, I heard Him sweetly
say,

"My Blood has washed thy many sins
away!"

Praise Him Who bled and died on Cal-
vary's tree.
Praise God, I'm saved!
All's well, all's well,
He sets me free.

The loving Lord died in my stead,
Freely He did His life resign;
For all mankind His blood was shed,
O precious Blood! O Life Divine!
Dear, loving Lord—oh, can I ever find
A Friend so true, so pitiful and kind?
He bled and died to set poor sinners free,
Praise God, I'm saved!
All's well, all's well,
He sets me free.



COLONEL JACOBS, Chief Secretary,

WILL CONDUCT SPECIAL
MEETINGS AT
OTTAWA,
Sunday and Monday, March 12-13.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS, Accompanied by MAJOR SOUTHAALL

will visit and conduct Special
Meetings as follows:
CHATHAM, March 11, 12, 13.
DRESDEN, March 14.
PETROLIA, March 15.
STRAITFORD, March 16.
WOODSTOCK, March 17.
BRANTFORD, March 18, 19.
HAMILTON, March 20.



BRIGADIER MRS. READ

will visit the following places:
HESPELER, Thursday, March 9.
LONDON, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March
11, 12, 13.
BRANTFORD, March 23, 24, 27.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

MAJOR McMillan
will visit the following corps and con-
duct Special Meetings:
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, Sat., Sun.
and Mon., March 11, 12 and 13.
(Hallelujah Wedding Monday night.)

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

TO those who think of travelling to
the **OLD COUNTRY**,
we would like to call special attention
to the fact that we can secure tickets
on all the Canadian Steamship Lines,
on very favorable terms. For full
particulars apply to MAJOR SOUTHAALL
at A. Temple, Toronto.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the
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"Hello! This looks like a comet approach-
ing the earth. I'll see it plainer next
week!"